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The Cover

DECISIONS, decisions, decisions.... Here's the hardest afternoon's work he's done since they bought the contemporary sideboard. Today it's a simple matter of matching chairs to curtains, curtains to carpets, carpets to . . . (*chairs again*, he supposes, as he sinks gratefully into those cushions). But if Zelinski's cover husband thinks he can discharge his obligations simply by signing a few cheques, he's wrong. All he can hope for is to get his own back by insisting on a circular tour of the power tools department

Free Speech

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our new feature, "We Advise."

Must They Talk?

You can't open a newspaper at this time of year without finding the pontifical pronouncements of some conference or other. Thousands of self-important delegates are flocking to the seaside for orgies of talk.

But are their expense-sheet, first-class journeys really necessary? We managed without all this jaw-jaw once.

From what I've seen, half the delegates never go in the hall, anyway; nobody learns anything new—and all the decisions have been made in advance by the "platform."

Let's drop the hypocrisy, cut the cackle—and admit that we all like a holiday at someone else's expense.—D. PHILLIPS, Bridlington.

Just "B"

On a recent visit to London I was able to buy fish without chips, eggs without bacon and bread without butter. But when I tried to get accommodation it was impossible to find bed without breakfast.

As one of many people who cannot face breakfast, I think it unfair that the only way to get a night's lodging is to pay for a meal you don't want. Surely there's enough profit in letting a bedroom without that.—MRS. M. E. WARD, Dunford Road, Parkstone, Dorset.

Boy Apes Girl

Half the enjoyment of holidays when I was young was in wearing as many pretty frocks as possible. But times have changed.

Recently I had some teenagers staying with me. The two girls never even unpacked their cotton dresses; they simply wore disreputable jeans all day. Their hair was short and straight, and I never once saw them in front of a mirror.

But the boys! They spent ages trying out new hair styles—and discussing the merits of a permanent wave. One boy even combed the other's hair to show him how it would look.

Shirt collar, socks and ties had to be just so. But one thing hadn't changed. They still had the old-fashioned attitude to soap and water.—MRS. IVY ROSS, Whitefriars Crescent, Westcliff-on-Sea.

I Was There

JOHN BULL'S serial "Skeleton Coast" was most interesting to me—for I was one of the survivors. In fact, I was the first person ashore.

When the lifeboat neared the beach the captain asked me to reconnoitre, and I waded through the surf, boots round my neck, rifle in one hand, the Red Ensign in the other. I soon got the nickname Robinson Crusoe.

I still have that flag—very tattered after the sandstorms. And I have another souvenir: a scar on my right leg. I got it when I stumbled into the skeleton of a whale that had been cast up on that terrible coast.

The adventure was no picnic; but it did illustrate the fortitude and sense of humour that people can find when they are really up against it.—JOHN PATTERSON, Alfred Street, Bath.

. . . Mrs. El-Saifi, who, as mentioned in your serial, was shipwrecked on Skeleton Coast with baby Nadya, is my sister. She was on the Dunedin Star only because when her husband sailed for Egypt Nadya was too young to go.

Nadya, shown in the photograph, is now seventeen and has a younger brother and sister. They live in

Egypt, and will be thrilled to read the story when I send them copies of JOHN BULL.—MISS H. G. NEWMAN, King Street, Cambridge.

Why Yes, Man

For a long time I've suspected that there was a strong resemblance between the Welsh and West Indian accents. Hearing West Indians speak in a recent radio play confirmed that this really is so.

There is a strong similarity in both inflection and intonation; it goes much further than the simple dropping of the "g" in "ing".

Is there any historical reason for this, or is it just coincidence?—K. V. MASON, Fallowfield Road, Solihull, Warwicks.

"There is a similarity, in both the lilt and the pure vowels," says a student of Welsh. "But nobody can say for sure if there's a link. There is an interesting speculation about Welsh colonization of the West Indies, though. The old Welsh pirates, Bartholomew Davies and Harry Morgan, sailed those seas. And Madog was reputed to have discovered America four centuries before Columbus."

For The Defence

As a J.P. I entirely disagree with the reader who calls magistrates "busybodies with too much time on their hands" ("Free Speech," August 30).

Most J.P.s have jobs as well as sit on the bench. They accept office only out of a high sense of duty. On my bench are a doctor, a shop assistant, a business executive, a housewife and a railway clerk.

As for not knowing what is an adequate sentence, every new magistrate is expected to attend a course on law. And he also has the benefit of his colleagues' experience. Stipendiary magistrates have told me that they would have welcomed a second opinion in some cases.

And there's another point. A stipendiary would cost at least £2,000 a year; a J.P. receives no pay.

Britain has the best legal administration in the world—and mainly because of the integrity of its magistrates, who, incidentally, deal with nine out of every ten cases.—F. ARCHER, Castle Street, Tutbury, Burton-on-Trent.

. . . As one of "Their Worships" I should welcome a stipendiary, for at best ours is a thankless task.

I am a busy housewife with a family to care for, but I *must* keep a telephone and be on call for any "orders for removal" of lunatics, or for a special court or a remand—at all times, and without pay.

Even if the court sits all day we get no allowance for meals.

After years of experience, I say anyone is welcome to the job. Britain gets her justice done far too cheaply.—MRS. J. E., Cornwall.

Hair Raising

Is it very unusual for a person's hair to stand on end in a thunderstorm? It happened to my wife and two children recently (not to me, I use hair cream), as we were crossing some high ground.

As we moved towards some trees the performance ended. The children were highly amused, but I wasn't so

happy about it. Was it nature's way of telling us to get to blazes out of it?—G. M. SCOULAR, Blair Athol Road, Sheffield, 11.

"It's a very rare phenomenon—and it's certainly a warning to clear out," says a physicist. "Before a lightning flash billions of electrons gather from a wide area. There's also an electrical charge in our hair. And as the electrons skim past, the two charges attract each other."

What's Yours?

The water company told a neighbour of mine that there was a leak in the pipe between his property and the main, which is the other side of a road from his house. And he, they said, must repair it.

It cost him £7. But surely they can't compel him to repair their property, since he has no control over the laying of their pipe.

The gas board take no such attitude. They will replace a pipe right into your house, if necessary.—J. SMITH, Wickford, Essex.

"It's his pipe," says a water board official. "Half Britain is covered by old local Acts of Parliament which

HERE is a fascinating, easy-to-enter, new, 2-week competition—open to every *John Bull* reader in which the prize is a brand-new FORD PREFECT "DE LUXE" with heater—absolutely FREE! *There is no entry fee!*

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Read the instructions below carefully, before posting your entry.

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If preferred, winner may take £750 cash instead. In the event of a tie, the alternative prize of £750 will be shared among those tying.

Mark 10 crosses only. No order of merit required.

Entries accepted only on this coupon which must be completed in ink—pen or ball-point. Any entry wholly or partly in pencil will be disqualified as will any bearing alterations or in any way mutilated. No correspondence will be entered into. Only one entry coupon from each week's issue of *John Bull* may be sent in by each reader. Both coupons may be sent in same envelope.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies (and members of their families) are not eligible to compete. The result will be published in *John Bull* at the earliest date.

IMPORTANT. Before placing your coupon in the envelope copy out, on the outside of the back of the envelope, the key numbers of the 10 tunes you have chosen—in one line and in exactly the same order as they appear. This is necessary to give you the result as soon as possible. Your entry will be disqualified if this is not done.

Post your entry in a sealed envelope (3d. postage) to: Family Get-Together, JOHN BULL, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.99, to arrive not later than Tuesday, October 7, 1958. No correspondence or coupon for any other competition may be enclosed.

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4 Destiny Waltz	
5 Knightsbridge March	
6 Love's Old Sweet Song	
7 Luxembourg Polka	
8 Magic Moments	
9 Mandy	
10 Merry Widow (Selection)	
11 My Fair Lady (Selection)	
12 Pedro the Fisherman	
13 The Runaway Train	
14 Silver Threads Among the Gold	
15 Snow White (Selection)	
16 Tales from the Vienna Woods	
17 Tiptoe Through the Tulips	
18 When You Wish Upon a Star	
19 Whole Lotta Woman	
20 You Need Hands	

I agree to accept the published result as final, also the Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

(BLOCK LETTERS)

.....

All entries must arrive not later than Tuesday, October 7. This competition is open only to readers in the United Kingdom and Eire. JB20/9/58

ANOTHER FREE ENTRY COUPON NEXT WEEK

Free Speech

continued from page 3

make 'connection' pipes—however far away the main—the householder's responsibility. It so happens that this month Mr. Smith's area is adopting the new water act, which will end his responsibility at the boundary to his property."

Gentleman's Jury

Why is not *every* elector aged between twenty-one and sixty eligible for jury service (JOHN BULL, August 16)?

Apart from making the system more democratic, ending the rate-paying qualification would spread the burden of the job more evenly. —K. SHALES, Chelmsford Road, Walthamstow, London.

"If we must have the present jury system, then yes, let's have it democratic," says the Howard League for Penal Reform. "There's a strong body of legal opinion that agrees with Mr. Shales."

. . . "A juryman or woman must be between twenty-one and sixty," says Christmas Humphreys.

Surely you can serve on a jury over this age.—T. GEERE, Sunderland Terrace, Bayswater, London.

"Over-sixties have sat on juries," says a lawyer. "The lists are not changed every year, so you might be left on for a while. But you could refuse to serve."

More Flashes

Now that trafficators on cars have been largely replaced by "flashers," how about a third light amidships to let people know that you mean to go straight ahead?

The driver wouldn't be expected to flash with it at every city crossing, but when approaching a point-duty policeman, a fork in the road or a junction where most traffic turns.

It would certainly avoid a lot of confusion, and it might save lives.—R. J. M. HART, Banavie Road, Glasgow.

Love Bank

Is the Post Office going all romantic? It seems to be. After sending a withdrawal form to the R.A.F. savings division at Harrogate I was amazed to get it back with a vivid lipstick "kiss" in the margin.

If this kind of thing is to continue it should certainly promote a

more human relationship with depositors—male ones, anyway.

Perhaps in the future we can expect official letters with the footnote: "Typed by Betty Bloggs, age nineteen—36-20-36." And, of course, more lipstick "kisses."—K. A. WALLER, Princes Avenue, Watford.

Life Knights?

Creating life peers is a step in the right direction, but why shouldn't *all* honours be granted for life only?

It isn't jealousy that makes me say so—I was made a C.B.E. in 1920—but surely it is desirable when many of the highest honours are limited in this way. Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Thistle, Victoria Cross, George Cross, Order of Merit, Companion of Honour . . . all these are for life only. And so is membership of the Orders of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, the Victorian and the British Empire.

It seems to be out of all reason that because a man does good work and is made a baronet, his grandson should hold the title, too.—H. SPENCER JOHNSON, The Bedford Hotel, Chichester.

Wakey Wakey

My husband must be the world's worst at getting out of bed in the morning. If I didn't use tricks to speed him up he'd never catch his train. But I've reduced it to a fine art. It's no use trying the same ruse two days running; he'd get wise.

First there's the newspaper trick. Exclaim over a juicy bit of news, drop the paper five yards from the bed—and depart. Two minutes later he bumbles into the kitchen.

Then there's the breakfast-going-cold plan: put it on a tray just out of reach. . . . Once a week I slip in

the old one of putting the clock on—then apologize profusely. Occasionally I'm lucky enough to find a tantalizing letter in the post. And then there's my trump card—to be used sparingly. The children. Drop them in his bed.

Which takes me to the weekend, *my* lie-in. Why must that be the day he's up like a lark, breathing at the open window: "Mmmm . . . best part of the day"?—MRS. M. FOWLER, Sheffield, 11.

View Hullabaloo

People who view houses that are up for sale with little or no intention of buying ("Free Speech," August 23) can easily be deterred.

Tell them that there is a charge of a shilling a head to view, but that they may get their money back as the total takings are to be handed to the eventual buyer.

Genuine viewers will accept the challenge sportingly; the rest will be gone in a flash.—W. J. DARLINGTON, Park Lane, Poynton, Cheshire.

No Postman's Knock

No longer do we hear a cheerful rat-tat at the door when the postman delivers the letters. As a girl, I remember, I used to look forward to the postman's knock, but now we only hear it when we get a parcel.

Why? It's not nearly so nice just to have letters pushed through and left for us to find on the mat.—MRS. E. RAVENSCROFT, Western Avenue, Acton, London.

"It's not that postmen are any less friendly or have less time now," says the Post Office, "but there are fewer door knockers—which were usually under the letter box. Doorbells are often far to one side."

Tinny Hat

The reader who suggested "bullet-proof jackets" for soldiers ("Free Speech," August 23) might be interested in an unofficial test we made in my battalion during the war.

Annoyed at the considerable

weight of our steel helmets, and doubtful of their protective value, we fired a rifle at one from a range of twelve feet. The bullet went straight through *both* sides of the helmet and vanished.

The helmet was obviously a protection against shell or mortar fragments only. Really bulletproof armour would be too heavy to wear, which is why armour went out of fashion in the first place.—A. McKee, Woodberry Lane, Rowlands Castle, Hants.

Big Money

The growth of the cheque system is reducing the number of transactions done by cash, but even so, surely in these days of comparative inflation it would be a good idea to bring back the old £10 and £20 notes. I'm sure they would now be useful.—J. M. Bennet, Hawthorne Avenue, Norton, Doncaster.

"High-value notes were withdrawn in 1945," says a banker. "It was too easy for black-marketeers to use them—and for tax-dodgers to hoard them. But now that 'fivers' are being so well used there may be a demand for 'tenners' if we have a few more years of inflation."

It's A Tale

The dog that ate the comfrey plant to ease its rheumatism ("Free Speech," August 16) makes me suspect that we could all learn a lot more from animals than we realize.

Elephants in Africa used penicillin for centuries before Sir Alexander Fleming discovered it. They rub a green water slime on their wounds. —Mrs. K. L. Simms, Carnamena Avenue, Castlereagh, Belfast.

"This is a rapidly growing modern fallacy," says a pharmacist. "People think that because moulds are used to produce penicillin, moulds have those properties themselves. They haven't. The mould puts out the penicillin anti-biotics into the fluid it is grown on. Then it is thrown away—and the penicillin is prepared from the 'broth.'"

The Castle

I always thought that an Englishman's home was his castle, yet the High Court has ruled that meter readers are entitled to break into

private houses in the absence of the occupier.

Surely no court, however high, can condone this forceful entry. Anyway, at my house, meter men beware. My drawbridge is up.—D. Barry, Paynes Lane, Coventry.

"I'm afraid they have the right to break in," says a lawyer. "The court only interpreted an Act of Parliament. All kinds of people can enter our homes with only an 'authorization' from their office—sanitary inspectors, rating officers, Post Office officials (to check if your vacuum is causing TV interference) and even the ratcatcher. They've more power than a policeman. At least he needs a magistrate's warrant."

Civic Weeds

These councils with a "dig or quit" mania should practise what they preach. An example is Wolverhampton. Travelling through the town recently I saw huge areas of waste land covered with thistles.

Let them set a good example and clear their own wilderness before waving the big stick at their tenants. —J. T. Cox, Charlotte Street, Walsall, Staffs.

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A gripping new serial by
AGATHA CHRISTIE
'ORDEAL BY INNOCENCE'

It was dusk when he came to the river. There was a large bell there which his driver rang vigorously to summon the ferry from the far side.

"You won't be wanting me to wait, sir?"

"No," said Arthur Calgary. "I've ordered a car to meet me over there in an hour's time—to take me to Drymouth."

The man received his fare and tip. He said, peering across the river in the gloom: "Ferry's coming now, sir."

With a soft-spoken good night the man reversed the car and drove away up the hill as the ferry boat drew in to the side of the little quay. Arthur Calgary walked down the sloping ramp and got into the boat as the ferryman steadied it with a boathook.

"'Tis chilly this evening," said the ferryman.

Calgary replied suitably. He further agreed that it was colder than yesterday. He was conscious, or thought he was conscious, of a veiled curiosity in the ferryman's eyes. Here was a stranger. And a stranger after the close of the tourist season proper.

The boat grounded on the beach on the far side of the river. Calgary paid his fare. Then he asked: "Do you know a house called Sunny Point?"

"Why, surely. 'Tis there, up along to your right—you can just see it through them trees."

Calgary started up the hill. Everybody seemed to be inside their houses, but he had the fancy that unseen eyes were peering through the windows.

At the end of the road was a gate with SUNNY POINT in Gothic letters on it. He opened the gate, passed through, and went along a short drive. The house was there ahead of him, a well-built, characterless, modern house, gabled and porched.

He pressed the electric bell beside the door. He heard no footsteps inside but, without warning, the door swung suddenly open and a fair-haired girl stood there, young, watchful and hostile.

"Yes? What do you want?"

"Is Mr. Argyle in?"

"Yes. But he doesn't see people he doesn't know. He doesn't know you, does he?"

"No. He doesn't know me, but——"

"Then you'd better write. . . ."

"I'm sorry, but I particularly want to see him. Are you—Miss Argyle?"

"I'm Hester Argyle, yes. But my father doesn't see people—not without an appointment. You'd better write."

Behind her, some way back in the hall, he saw another face. The face of a middle-aged woman, with frizzy, yellowish grey hair plastered on top of her head.

Hester Argyle began to close the door. In a hurry, Calgary pulled out a letter from his pocket and thrust it towards her. "I have a letter here—from Mr. Marshall."

She was taken aback. Her fingers closed doubtfully on the envelope. She said uncertainly: "From Mr. Marshall—in London?"

Then, without a word, she turned and ran up the stairs.

Calgary remained on the doorstep, sustaining the accusing and suspicious glance of the woman in the hall.

Presently Hester's voice, cool and aloof, floated down to them.

"Father says he's to come up."

Somewhat unwillingly, the woman moved aside. Calgary passed her and mounted the stairs to where Hester stood waiting for him. She led him along a passage and down three steps. Then she threw open a door and gestured to him to pass through. She came in behind him, closing the door after her.

The room was a library. Calgary had a momentary glimpse of a young woman who was leaving the room by a door at the far end, rather an attractive young woman. Then his attention was taken by the man who rose and came to greet him, the open letter in his hand.

Leo Argyle's voice was pleasant, though lacking in resonance.

"Doctor Calgary?" he said. "Do sit down."

Calgary sat. He accepted a cigarette. His host sat down opposite him. All was done without hurry, as though in a world where time meant very little.

"Mr. Marshall writes that you called on him; that you have an important communication to make to us, though he doesn't specify its

John Bull presents the first of two extra long instalments . . .

'Somebody in this house is

Hester started and swung round. A pale face had appeared suddenly beside hers in the mirror

a killer

'Somebody in this house is a killer'

continued from previous page

nature." His smile deepened as he added: "Lawyers are always so careful not to commit themselves."

Calgary said: "It is very kind of you to see me. I thought it better to come in person than to write." He paused. "It is difficult—very difficult. . . ."

Leo Argyle leaned forward. "Since you bring this letter from Marshall, I presume that your visit has to do with my unfortunate son Jacko—Jack, I mean—Jacko was our own name for him."

All Calgary's carefully prepared words and phrases had deserted him. He sat there, faced with the appalling reality of what he had to tell.

There was a moment's silence, and then Leo said cautiously: "If it helps you, we're quite aware that Jacko was —hardly a normal personality. Nothing that you have to tell us will be likely to surprise us. Terrible as the tragedy was, I have been fully convinced all along that Jacko was not really responsible for his actions."

"Of course he wasn't." It was Hester, and Calgary started at the sound of her voice. He had momentarily forgotten about her.

The door at the far end of the room opened and the young woman whom Calgary had just glimpsed earlier came back into the room. She wore an outdoor coat now, and carried a small attaché case.

She spoke to Argyle. "I'm going now. Is there anything else . . . ?"

There was a momentary hesitation on Argyle's part (*he would always hesitate*, Calgary thought) and then he laid a hand on her arm.

"Sit down, Gwenda," he said. "This is Doctor Calgary. This is Miss Vaughan, who is—who is. . . ." Again he paused as though in doubt. "Who has been my secretary for some years now." He added: "Doctor Calgary has come to tell us something—or ask us something—about Jacko. . . ."

"To tell you something," Calgary interrupted. "When you've heard what I have to say, you'll understand my reluctance. More, my distress. To begin with, I must mention a few things about myself. I am a geophysicist, and have recently formed part of an Antarctic expedition. I only returned a few weeks ago."

"The Hayes Bentley Expedition?" asked Gwenda Vaughan.

He turned towards her gratefully. "Yes. Hayes Bentley. I tell you this to explain my background, and also to explain that I have been out of touch for about two years with—with current events."

He turned back to Argyle.

"Please forgive me if this is painful, but I must just check over with you certain times and dates. On November ninth, the year before last, at about six o'clock in the evening, your son, Jack Argyle, called here and had an interview with his mother, Mrs. Argyle."

"My wife, yes."

"He told her that he was in trouble and demanded money. This had happened before——"

"Many times," said Leo with a sigh.

"Mrs. Argyle refused. He became abusive, threatening. Finally he flung away and left, shouting out that he was coming back."

Leo Argyle moved uneasily.

"Later that evening, your wife was killed. Attacked with a poker and struck down. Your son's fingerprints were on the poker, and a large sum of money was gone from the bureau drawer where your wife had placed it earlier. The police picked up your son in Drymouth. The money was found on him, most of it was in five pound notes, one of which had a name and address written on it which enabled it to be identified by the bank as one that had been paid out to Mrs. Argyle that morning. Your son stood his trial. The verdict was wilful murder."

CALGARY went on: "I have been given to understand by Mr. Marshall, the solicitor for the defence, that your son protested his innocence when arrested. He insisted that he had a perfect alibi for the time of the murder, which was placed by the police at between seven and seven thirty. At that time, Jack Argyle said, he was hitch-hiking into Drymouth, having been picked up by a car on the main road from Redmyn to Drymouth just before seven.

"Every effort was made to trace this car and the man who drove it, but no confirmation of his statement could be obtained, and the lawyers themselves were quite convinced that it was a story hastily fabricated by the boy.

"At the trial the main line of defence was the evidence of psychologists who sought to prove that Jack Argyle had always been mentally unstable. The judge was somewhat scathing in his comments on this evidence and summed up dead against the prisoner. Jack Argyle was sentenced to imprisonment for life. He died of pneumonia in prison six months later."

Calgary stopped. Three pairs of eyes were fastened on him.

"You are perfectly correct," said Leo, "though I do not yet see why it has been necessary to go over painful facts we are all trying to forget."

"Forgive me. I had to do so. Because Jack Argyle was innocent. But for the most extraordinary and unfortunate combination of circumstances *I* could have proved that he was innocent."

"You?"

"I was the man in the car."

He said it so simply that for the moment they did not take it in. Before they could recover themselves, the door opened and the woman with the homely face marched across to Leo.

"I hear as I am passing the door outside. This man is telling you that Jacko did not kill Mrs. Argyle. Why does he say this? How does he know?"

HER face, which had been militant and fierce, suddenly seemed to pucker.

"I must hear, too," she said piteously. "I cannot stay outside and not know."

"Of course not, Kirsty. You're one of the family." Leo Argyle introduced her. "Miss Lindstrom, Doctor Calgary. Doctor Calgary is saying the most incredible things."

Calgary said: "At five minutes to seven on that evening, I picked up a young man on the main Redmyn to Drymouth road, who was thumbing for a lift. I drove him into Drymouth."

Leo Argyle said with a faint asperity: "Why didn't you come forward at the time?"

"To make you understand, I must go back a little. I had been staying in Drymouth for a couple of days in a friend's flat. This friend, a naval man, was at sea. He had also lent me his car, which he kept in a private lock-up. On this particular day, November the ninth, I was due to return to London.

"I decided to go up by the evening train and to spend the afternoon seeing an old nurse of whom our family were very fond and who lived in a little cottage at Polgarth, about forty miles west of Drymouth. On leaving her I decided to go north to Redmyn and see old Canon Peasmarsh.

"I was unlucky. His house was shuttered and he was evidently away. I spent a little time in the cathedral and then started back to Drymouth by the main road, thus completing the third side of a triangle. I had left myself comfortable time to pick up my bag from the flat, return the car to its lock-up, and catch my train.

"On the way, as I have told you, I

In the middle of a stunned silence Kirsten marched in and said fiercely: "He is saying that Jacko did not kill Mrs. Argyle. Why does he say this? How does he know?"

picked up an unknown hitch-hiker, and after dropping him in the town I carried out my own programme. After arrival at the station, I still had time in hand. As I crossed the road to buy cigarettes a lorry knocked me down.

"According to the accounts of passers-by, I got up, apparently uninjured. I said I was quite all right and hurried back to the station. When the train arrived at Paddington I was unconscious and taken by ambulance to hospital where I was found to be suffering from concussion—apparently this delayed effect is not uncommon.

"When I regained consciousness, some days later, I remembered nothing of the accident, or of coming to London. The last thing I could remember was starting out to visit my old nurse at Polgarth. After that, a complete blank.

"I was reassured by being told that such an occurrence is quite common. There seemed no reason to believe that the missing hours in my life were of any importance. Neither I myself, nor anyone else, had the faintest idea that I had driven along the Redmyn-Drymouth road that evening.

"There was only a very narrow margin of time before I was due to leave England. I was kept in hospital, in absolute quiet, with no newspapers. On leaving I drove straight to the airport to fly to Australia and to join up with the expedition.

"There was some doubt as to whether I was fit to go, but this I overruled. I was far too busy with my preparations and anxieties to take any interest in reports of murders, and in any case excitement died down after the arrest, and by the time the case came to trial and was fully reported I was on my way to the Antarctic."

AGAIN Calgary paused. They were listening to him with close attention: "It was about a month ago, just after my return to England, that I made the discovery. I wanted some old newspapers for packing specimens. Spreading one out on the table I saw the reproduced photograph of a young man whose face seemed very familiar to me. I read the paragraph, read that this young man was Jack Argyle, accused of murder, read that he had told the police that he had been given a lift by a man in a black saloon car.

"And then, quite suddenly, that lost bit of my life came back. *I* had picked up this self-same young man, and driven him into Drymouth, parting from him there, going back to the flat—crossing the street on foot to buy my cigarettes. I remembered just a glimpse of the lorry as it hit me—after that, nothing until hospital. I still had no memory of going to the station and taking the train to London.

"I read up the files of the newspapers for the appropriate dates, then I went to Marshall and Marshall, who had been the lawyers for the defence. I learned that I was too late to free the unfortunate boy. He had died of pneumonia in prison. Though justice could no longer be done to him, justice *could* be done to his memory. I went with Mr. Marshall to the police.

"The case is being laid before the Director of Public Prosecutions. Marshall has little doubt that he will refer it to the Home Secretary."

Hester said, "Did they believe you?"

He looked at her in surprise.

"The police—did they believe you? Why shouldn't you be making it up?"

He smiled a little in spite of himself.

"I'm a very reputable witness," he said gently. "I have no axe to grind, and they have gone into my story very closely; medical evidence, various corroborating details from Drymouth. Oh yes. Marshall was cautious, of course, like all lawyers. The Home Secretary will probably advise the Queen that a free pardon should be granted."

Hester laughed. "A free pardon—for something he didn't do?"

"I know. The terminology always seems unrealistic. But I understand that the custom is for a question to be asked in the House, the reply to which will make it clear that Jack Argyle did

Continued on page 39

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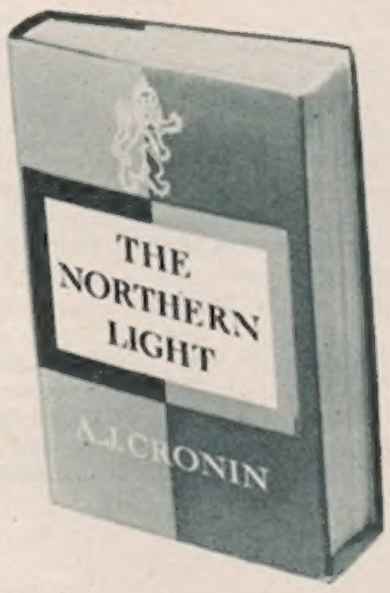

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Which way for the young

HIS GRANDFATHER, the old Aga Khan, used his wealth to build schools and hospitals—and his diplomacy to bring his people power

HIS FATHER, Aly Khan, is often in the headlines. Twice divorced, he has had his name linked with many lovely women, including Kim Novak (above)

THE old Aga Khan, who died in July last year, brought a touch of Oriental splendour to the west. His magnificent horses dominated European tracks for thirty years. His Cinderella-style marriages made headlines, and the spectacular ceremonies in which his followers weighed him in gold, platinum and diamonds were like pages torn from the Arabian nights.

In his will the old man appointed his grandson, a shy, good-looking college youth, twenty years old, to reign in his place over 20 million Ismaili Moslems. Karim thus stepped into the position which was widely believed to be intended for his cosmopolitan father, the highly-publicised Aly Khan, and became the most powerful young man in the world, controlling vast wealth and wielding influence over many millions of Moslems.

Soon after his birth, at the lovely Villa Barakat, near Geneva, there was a fierce argument about his name. His grandfather, the old Aga Khan, wanted to give the boy a sonorous Arabic name like Jallalo'ddin.

"How will the English pronounce it? Or the French?" asked his mother, Princess Joan Aly Khan. "We must choose a name that will sound the same in the east and west, in Bombay and Paris."

She went down the list of possible names for a Moslem, and stopped at Karim. "I like that," she said. "It can't be mispronounced."

"Karim? But it means 'the beggar'," protested Grandpa. "Is that a name for a grandson of mine?"

"It's short. It's simple. It's pronounceable," said his daughter-in-law.

Eventually the old man submitted to the wishes of his son's wife, the lady he described as "one of the most beautiful and accomplished I have ever known." The baby was named simply Karim, and it is as Karim Aga Khan that his two passports—British and Iranian—are inscribed.

Karim controls the vast communal wealth of the Ismailis. He administers investment trusts and insurance companies worth many millions of pounds. Each year his followers contribute a treasure chest of tithes in a dozen different currencies for such projects as he may ordain for his community.

Yet Karim shuns personal possessions. Unlike his father and grandfather he owns no horses, no expensive jewels, no palaces, villas or stables of motor-cars. For those who expected the new Aga Khan to follow in the footsteps of his fabulous family, Karim comes as a surprise.

In vain the newspapers link him to girl-friends and international high jinks. The stories don't stand up. The shy young man, handsome as he is and sought after by débutantes from London to Karachi as the decade's most eligible young bachelor, is as different from Aly Khan in this respect as orange-juice from champagne.

IT is unlikely that Karim will ever emerge as an enthusiastic winner at Ascot, or that he will throw his home open to the starlets of the Cannes film festival as his grandfather used to like doing.

"He buys one suit and wears it until I insist that he get himself another," his mother told me. "He owns no overcoat, nor even an umbrella. One evening when we were entertaining some distinguished visitors Karim folded one leg over the other and I saw his sock peeping through the sole of one of his shoes."

Home for Karim has been his mother's pleasant flat in Eaton Square, London, although his coronation as the forty-ninth Imam-Al-Muslimin, which means "spiritual chief of the devout," on the death of his grandfather, has turned him into a traveller spending much of his time circulating among the settlements of his far-flung following.

As Imam of the Ismailis the young Aga Khan, who will be twenty-two years old next December, holds a position which even he finds it difficult to define.

"Is it something like a Pope's?"

He replies: "I don't think so. . . ."

"Is it like the rôle of the Archbishop of Canterbury? Or Chairman of the Elders of the Mormon Church?"

The answer is still, "Not exactly. No, it is quite different. You see, to be Imam—well, it is to be Imam. . . ."

To the Ismailis, the Imam is not merely their religious leader. He is the direct descendant of the founder of the Moslem faith, the Prophet Mohammed. He is the final arbiter in all doctrinal disputes.

And he is the divinely-inspired adviser of his followers in their domestic lives, their business careers and their health problems. In him is vested the formal ownership of all the Ismaili mosques, institutions, charities and church lands.

An Ismaili merchant in Kenya may write to him asking his counsel on whether he should expand his textile business to include shoes or foodstuffs. The Ismaili council in Central Africa may inquire if in the Imam's wisdom some hundreds of followers should make their homes elsewhere. He decides on the amount of time which invalids and children may devote to prayer. If a backslipping Ismaili is excommunicated by a regional council he can appeal to the Imam for a final decision. For, in the words of the

HIS MOTHER . . . Princess Joan, with Karim and Amyn when they were children. A few years later the Princess and Aly were divorced

Aga Khan?

by S. L. SOLON

Millions listen to his words, and watch his deeds. Will he model himself on his grandfather—or on gay-living Aly?

Karim receives the homage of his people as the new Imam. To 20 million of them he is "Our Spiritual Master, Lord of the Age." The humblest Ismaili can seek his advice

gold memorial on Karim's mantelpiece, he is to his thousand-year-old sect, "Our Spiritual Master, Lord of the Age."

All this would appear to be a heavy burden for a young man to bear, but Karim takes it in stride, seeking advice, flying to Karachi, Nairobi, the Belgian Congo, Madagascar—wherever his followers may be—and taking the problems one at a time.

He says: "After all, Grandpa took care that we should prepare ourselves for the work. It's nonsense to say I'm a westerner because I was educated in the west. Islam is not eastern, it's a world faith. I don't feel particularly eastern or western."

Outwardly, Karim appears a typical product of expensive western education and breeding. As a boy he went to Le Rosey in Switzerland, travelling during his holidays to the different centres of Ismaili influence. His sports at school were rowing, tennis and ice-hockey. At Harvard he tried hard for the rowing eight, but did not make it because he lacked the weight. This wasn't for lack of appetite.

Princess Joan took him to dinner after his return from an African trip. Karim ordered a prawn cocktail and followed this with a large steak. Asked what he would like as a sweet, Karim decided to start over again with a prawn cocktail.

Asked what she considered most outstanding about Karim, an American girl friend, twenty-two year old blonde Jane O'Reilly, said: "Why, he can eat several portions of almost everything."

But Karim is no wine or spirits drinker. Visitors are invited to mix their own drinks, but Karim sticks to Coca Cola, consuming twenty or more bottles a day, and filling a waste-paper basket at his desk with the empties.

He likes working at night and his mother is often astonished to read in the newspapers that he has been night-clubbing until the early hours, when she has actually seen the light shining under his study door.

Some weeks ago she read that he had stayed out until daylight alone with an attractive London model and that their engagement would be announced shortly. He was, in fact, with a party of twelve at the "400." "I know," said his mother," because I paid the bill. Karim came home before two a.m. and was working on Ismaili affairs until dawn—and the engagement talk was just nonsense."

At home Karim shares a bedroom with his younger brother Amyn. Karim is a competent amateur painter and photographer, especially of water scenes, and examples of his work decorate the walls.

He develops his own photographs with an elementary developing kit. He has also tried his hand at sculpture, and a carved mask he designed decorates the flat.

This all-round interest and activity was encouraged deliberately by his grandfather. The old Aga Khan did not press Karim towards interests which did not come naturally. "Grandpa always wanted to know what interested me," says Karim, "and then he would put books my way, not as a duty which I had to perform, but as something which he had found interesting or entertaining and which he thought I would enjoy. He rarely talked about horses, and did not take me to the races."

Karim shows no nationalist sentiments. Just as he does not regard himself as being either eastern or western he does not feel that he belongs to one country. His mother explains it by the international education he has received.

"Boys from everywhere go to Le Rosey," says Princess Joan. "Karim has friends from all over the world. They are boys, who, whether they come from England, Italy, the Middle East or America, develop an international viewpoint. His grandfather felt that this would give Karim a broader point of view."

Princess Joan has been with her two sons throughout their childhood. Although she has not adopted the Moslem faith, she took them to Nairobi during the war to be taught Moslem prayers and traditions by private tutors.

She regards her son's appointment to the Ismaili Imamate as an opportunity for improving the conditions of his followers. "I don't see that Karim can do anything but good," she says. "His mission has nothing to do with war or bombs or guns. It is building schools, crèches, hospitals, mosques, and helping people. I don't understand why anyone should take a hostile attitude to that."

Karim himself does not venture opinions on H-bombs, summit conferences and government policies. "I can't express views because I don't feel qualified as yet to have them. My

Which way for the young Aga Khan?

continued from previous page

grandfather studied deeply before he entered into debates on such things. I have some way to go."

Young as he is in his role, Karim has learned the technique of giving the soft answer, evading questions he regards as personal or irrelevant. He does not talk about his private wealth. Actually he is not personally a very rich man although one day he may be. There is a clear distinction in his own mind between the vast communal wealth of the Ismailis which he controls and his personal income, a modest affair.

His grandfather's fortune went, according to Moslem custom, to his immediate heirs: Aly Khan, Sadruddin and the Begum. Karim laughs at reports that he is searching for large undisclosed investments which the Aga Khan made and forgot about. "My grandfather did not do things in that way," he says. "He knew where his money was."

When his parents divorced, Karim was twelve years old and attending Le Rosey. Moving in an atmosphere where divorce is not uncommon and where the shock of separated parents is cushioned by expensive schooling, Karim was not unduly jolted. As before, he saw his father during holidays while spending most of his time with his mother close at hand, near school or in London.

PUBLICITY of his father's romance with Rita Hayworth and with subsequent news-worthy ladies had the effect of making Karim wary and judicious in his conduct. He realizes that to some extent he lives in the shadow of his father's ability to excite newspaper attention, but he accepts this fatalistically. In due course, he feels that as a personality on his own he will be accepted for what he does himself.

His grandfather named his wife, the French-born Begum who was converted to Ismailism, as one to whom Karim should turn for advice. While Karim respects her judgment he points out that he is vested with full powers as Imam to make all decisions for himself.

Like his grandfather, Karim is a wide reader, picking up at random books on history and psychology as well as current novels.

His catholic tastes started early. "When they were at Le Rosey," says Princess Joan, "I used to send Karim and Amyn stacks of comics, horror and otherwise. The headmaster asked me if I thought it was a good idea that they should read such trash. I told him that the important thing was that they should get the reading habit. Quality would come later. And it did."

As a student he rates better than average, but is not in the A-plus class of Amyn. He is liked by his classmates and belongs to Harvard's famous Hasty Pudding Club. The senior tutor at Leverett House, where Karim lived, described him as "one of the really top, all-round men here." His teacher in Iranian Studies, Professor Richard Frye, who occupies the chair endowed by the old Aga Khan, says of Karim: "He is intelligent, serious and charming, but rather shy."

Karim's good looks, charm and air of withdrawn reserve, as if he is aware of an important destiny, make him a likely target for attractive young women. They cluster around him at every opportunity. Karim deals with them courteously but distantly.

His affections are linked with those of a pretty eighteen-year-old South American girl, Sylvia Casablancas. Marriage, he says, will have to wait until his education is completed. Meanwhile he spends much of his spare time with her in Switzerland and France.

Before the Aga Khan's will was read it was generally believed that Aly Khan would be the new leader of the Ismailis. In fact some of the Ismailis proclaimed Aly as the new Imam. This led to a report, when the will was known to have appointed Karim, that a revolt was brewing among the Ismailis. There was no revolt and no disappointment with the choice of the Aga Khan, overstepping his son in favour of his grandson.

Karim was perhaps more surprised than any of the Ismaili elders. For them Aly's interests in high-life, women and horses had diminished his acceptability as a religious leader.

The faithful made their way to the Villa Barakat, where Karim as Aga Khan IV, seated on a white drawing-room chair, received their homage. They looked more like delegates to a top-level business convention than the religious descendants of a fierce and fanatical sect who fought with sword and dagger to spread their creed. Karim, whose languages are English and French with a little Urdu, addressed them in those languages.

The Aga Khan (right) at Monte Carlo. Opposite him is Sylvia Casablancas, a South American who is his frequent companion

On his mother's side he is related to many notabilities of past and present. Formerly the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller, daughter of Lord Churston, Karim's mother is one of four exceptional sisters who have married into English and Continental noble families. Karim is a kinsman of Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, the Attorney-General, and is the nephew of the Duchess of Bedford and the Countess Cadogan.

His step-brother, Patrick Benjamin, by his mother's first marriage to Wing-Commander Thomas Loel Guinness, is married to the daughter of the German Count Franz Egon von Furstenberg.

In this mixture there is also the touch of Hollywood introduced by Rita Hayworth, his father's second wife. Karim likes children and he is very fond of little Yasmin, his half-sister.

How the Ismailis had their origins and what has led them to their present prosperous and modernized development is a strange story of strong-willed men and historic accident. It is a story Karim has learned well.

When the Prophet Mohammed died in his sixty-third year he had appointed no successor. The great majority of Moslems called Sunnis, or traditionalists, recognize no successor.

Shiah school, of which the Ismailis are a sect, maintains however that after the Prophet's death the need for a successor remained. In the words of the old Aga Khan: "The need for divine guidance continued and this could not be left to millions of mortal men, subject to the whims and gusts of passion and material necessity, capable of being momentarily but tragically misled by greed, by oratory, or by the sudden desire for material advantage."

The Shiah recognized Ali, cousin of the Prophet and wedded to his only surviving child Fatima, as Mohammed's successor and "the Vicar of God." Ali was murdered five years later and for hundreds of years murder was an effective argument in religious politics.

Through the ups and downs of Moslem fortunes—and at one time they carried their domination into Spain and France—a small group of them clung to the doctrine that Mohammed had a successor and developed it. The Shiahs split among themselves and one group emerged which believed that the last "revealed" Imam was Ali's lineal descendant Ismail, therefore they called themselves Ismailis.

LATER, the Ismailis elaborated a religious teaching and customs which drew them away from the Sunnis and the other Shiahs. After losing in North Africa and in Egypt, where for a time they were the ruling force, a defeated band of Ismailis trekked to Iran. There they held attention by way of a remarkable character named Hassan-bin-Saba.

Hassan seized the peak of Alamut and established himself as the Old Man of the Mountain, by which name he and his successors were known to the Crusaders. The Crusaders, say the Ismailis, were also responsible for inventing the evil associations which went with the name. They alleged that the Old Man's followers fortified themselves with hashish before going off to fight their enemies and modified the name to assassin. It is as the Order of Assassins that they carved their scar in history.

The Aga Khan is descended from the eighth and last Grand Master of the Assassins. The name Aga Khan—it means Noble Ruler—began as an affectionate nickname given to Mohammed Hasan by his patron, the Persian king.

In 1840 the Aga Khan and his followers were compelled to leave Persia.

History handed him a trump card. The British were moving northwards and westwards from the Punjab. They wanted allies and the exiled Aga offered his help against his old enemies. He raised a troop of light horse and his cavalry fought alongside General Nott in Kandahar and gave help to the British forces advancing out of Sind in the first Afghan War.

After their victory in the Sind Sir Charles Napier succeeded in getting for the Aga a pension from the British Government. But more important than the pension—which was a small one—was the recognition it gave to the first Aga Khan as a British-protected potentate. He moved to Bombay with his followers and set up a feudal court.

Today Karim finds himself with a widely scattered Ismaili following extending from Sinkiang in Central Asia to the Belgian Congo and Madagascar.

Karim also becomes heir to the judgment of a British court which finally settled in 1866 to first Aga's rights and privileges as Ismaili Imam. The Aga Khan holds the title of prince and the address of His Highness, by virtue of British conferment in 1916, of the rank of first-class ruling Prince of Bombay Presidency, and is entitled to an eleven-gun salute.

CONSCIENTIOUSLY the late Aga Khan hammered his rough and ready Ismaili Community into a modern and prosperous people. He built schools to teach them professions and trades. He nursed them along in commercial enterprises. Violence was abandoned for diplomacy and negotiation.

To the young man at Barakat, and to the millions of Ismailis, the Aga Khan explained in his will why he had appointed him successor. "In view of the fundamentally altered conditions in the world in very recent years due to the great changes which have taken place, including the discoveries of atomic science . . . I am convinced that it is in the best interests of the Shiah Moslem Ismaili Community that I should be succeeded by a young man who has been brought up and developed during recent years in the midst of the new age and who brings a new outlook in life to his office as Imam."

The old Aga Khan tried to get the British Government in India to give him a small area to serve as an Ismaili centre with independent territorial power. He failed, but he achieved an equally important victory in obtaining British recognition of the special position of the Ismaili Community in the British Commonwealth and Colonies. The old Aga Khan held high positions on British and Indian Government committees.

For the present it doesn't appear that Karim has such political ambitions. His grandfather's flair for grand diplomacy is not developed overnight.

The person who knows Karim best—his mother—believes that her son is well equipped for the unique position he holds. Even-tempered, reflective, capable of profound sympathy for the hurt and the needy, she says that Karim has been brought up to regard the east and the west not just as separate, divided entities but as a united whole.

"I have seen the look on his face when he reads about the progress being made on the new Ismaili hospital in Nairobi," says Princess Joan. "What he likes best is that it will be open to all without regard to race, creed or colour."

THE END

IS YOUR CHILD SAFE FROM STRANGERS?

by Detective-Inspector ROBERT KELL

A sweet or a ride . . . it seems so innocent, but often the end is tragic. You must teach your children how to handle danger

No police officer needs to look at the current crime statistics for proof of the appalling increase in sexual attacks on children. While general crime figures have risen and fallen several times in the last twenty years no such fluctuation has occurred in the category known as crimes against the person. Year by year they have increased.

Crimes against the person range from murder to bigamy, but the biggest increases have taken place in wounding charges and in sexual offences. Immediately before the last war the police recorded more than two thousand cases a year of indecent assaults on females. By 1956, the latest year on record, there were four times as many —more than eight thousand.

The police feel that this growing problem is not insoluble. With the active support of parents, teachers and the public generally, we could largely overcome it.

As the officer in charge of the crime prevention department of an English county police force, I give lectures to parent-teacher organizations, women's institutes and mothers' union meetings to tell them what we have learned of this type of crime and what they can do to help us combat it.

The difficulty in preventing—and detecting—sexual attacks on children is that they can occur almost anywhere and at any time. There is no seasonal rise and fall: in winter the attacker is helped because dusk sets in early; in summer he has opportunities because many more children stay out to play for an extra hour or so.

ATTACKS occur in alleys, in public parks, in motor vehicles, even in school toilets. They occur with equal frequency in towns and in the country. Nor are children more vulnerable at one age than at any other. Our records show that children aged from three to sixteen have suffered assaults. Above that age we no longer classify them as children.

The attackers, too, do not come from a particular age group. To the police everyone from eight to eighty-five could be a suspect. Our records indicate that the victims of sexual assaults come from all types of homes. It is dangerous for parents to assume that their children are safe merely because they live in the heart of a respectable residential district.

The only positive assistance that the statistics do give us is that three out of four victims of sexual attacks are girls, and virtually all the attackers are male. In my entire police experience I have known of only one woman convicted of a sexual attack on a child.

Now what can parents do to help us prevent these crimes?

Firstly, I would like them to insist that their child always comes straight home from school. I know of a case concerning a child who always left the infant department of his school at three-thirty and hung around in the playground for half an hour until his elder brother came out of the junior department. One afternoon the younger boy was indecently assaulted in that half-hour—*in the school grounds*.

Unless schools make proper arrangements to care for infants who wait for their elder brothers and sisters, these children should go straight home, preferably escorted by a parent.

Secondly, I recommend parents to discover how long it normally takes their child to reach home from school. If the child arrives late, find out the reason as quickly as possible. In 999 cases out of a thousand the child will have a straightforward explanation.

It is the thousandth case that the parents—and we—want to know about. Perhaps the child is a little subdued. Perhaps she avoids answering her mother's questions. The mother must persist in a gentle, friendly manner until the child starts to talk about the unusual happening which has frightened or embarrassed her.

THIRDLY, parents should insist that a child returns home from school by a regular route, avoiding as far as possible such obvious potential black spots as dark alleys and heavily wooded parkland. My wife explained to our children that by this method she could always meet them on the way if she suddenly decided to go shopping. This is an explanation which does not frighten a child and which she can appreciate.

School teachers should insist that the child who stays for the school lunch should bring a note from her parents if she has to leave the grounds during the lunch break.

Though sex attacks on children are uncommon in the early morning, I would also like to see parents and teachers coming to some arrangement to protect unescorted children on the way to school.

Children have been attacked in the morning or on the way back to school after lunch, and the offence (or, worse still, the child's disappearance) has not been discovered until the late afternoon.

I would like to think that all parents warn their children in simple language what to do when a stranger approaches them. The warning should not involve bogey men and black men; it should not frighten he child.

The parent should tell the child something like this: "You must never go for a ride in a car or a van or a lorry or any motor with a strange man. You mustn't go even if he offers you sweets or money, or says he'll take you home. Some men are not as nice as others.

"If a man ever asks you the way to a certain place, tell him politely how to get there if you know the way. If he says he doesn't understand you and asks you to show him, you must say that you are sorry but you must go straight home. Then walk away."

Incidentally, any genuinely kind driver who makes a practice of giving

Next week

The most remarkable true story of wartime love and adventure ever told

MARRIED TO A TRAITOR

The drama of Suzanne Warren, heroine of the Resistance

The only souvenir Suzanne has of her baby: a picture taken by a street photographer in Marseilles in 1942

FEW women have faced the danger, horror and tragedy that Suzanne Warren has known. For Suzanne, a French girl Resistance fighter, married an English traitor—and was torn between her love for him and her love of her country.

Gladly Suzanne had risked death for the Allied cause; her chosen task was to lead British soldiers and airmen along the escape route to safety. One of her colleagues was Paul Cole, an Englishman who was thought to be a gallant British officer sent to France to organize the Resistance.

Suzanne fell in love with him, and they were married. Together they continued their Resistance work—and then they were arrested. In prison, Cole confessed to her. "Suzanne, it's true—I am a traitor."

The drama of Suzanne's life in war-torn France rose from climax to climax. When she was released from prison she knew that her husband would try to track her down and betray her—*and still she could not hate him.* And then her baby died. . . .

Gordon Young, author of "The Cat," has told the full thrilling story of this brave and tragic girl. Illustrated with photographs and documents from Suzanne's own albums, it begins exclusively in JOHN BULL next week . . . *before book publication.*

Is your child safe from strangers?

continued from previous page

lifts to strange children should stop doing so for his own sake. As far as the police are concerned, he is immediately suspect.

When a crop of attacks on children occurs in a district, the man who causes thinking parents some concern is the neighbouring "uncle" who has been respected and known by the family for years, the man who invites children into his house to watch television, who asks them to run errands for him, who acts as a baby-sitter while parents go out in the evening.

It is unfortunate that this generally warm-hearted character should come under suspicion, and I would not suggest that parents should break a child's friendship with "Uncle George" next door without a sound reason.

The best that one can say to parents in these circumstances is: ensure that the "uncle" is a fit and proper person for your child to be with, and even then always be on your guard; a child is less likely to make complaints about an "uncle" than he is about a stranger.

Having given the suggested warnings to their child, parents should not then sit back and expect her to take care of herself. We had a case which began when the parents of an eight-year-old girl sent her out late on a dark night to buy fish and chips. On the way, a man indecently assaulted her.

The parents protested to us afterwards that they had repeatedly warned the child not to talk to strangers. But they had sent her out at an unreasonably late hour. To cap it all, they sent her out again in precisely the same circumstances a few months afterwards and she was assaulted again.

Parents probably have most cause to worry about their children when they go out to play. Clearly one cannot bar them from all public parks. But parents can find out who the child intends to play with; they can tell her to play organized games like cops and robbers, cricket or skipping; they can instruct her not to wander off on her own; and they can order her to return home at a respectable hour.

MANY parents allow children to go to cinemas at the wrong times. Indecent assaults often take place in cinemas. And we find that many of the child victims get into cinemas to see "A" category films by persuading strangers to "buy" their tickets for them.

The police ask all well-meaning people who have obliged children in this way to refuse to do so. Once in the cinemas the children wander off on their own and become prey to any lecherous person in the audience.

The best time for youngsters to go to the cinema is at the children's matinée. The law lays down that the number of attendants has to be increased during a children's performance in case of fire.

The proportion of detected cases of indecent assault on children is high. About eighty per cent of the attackers are found. But the police are not smug about these figures.

We strongly suspect that the number of unreported attacks is very high. Parents prefer to keep these things dark. Their main reason, we have discovered, is that a child should be allowed to forget such an incident as soon as possible." Parents have said to me: "We don't want to drag our little girl through the court case."

Apart from being anti-social, this attitude could be bad for the child. Many years ago I worked on a case in which two men violently raped a schoolgirl. We caught the men, and the girl's evidence helped to send them to jail. Today she is happily married and has three children.

I know of a case in the same district in which the parents decided to do nothing about a sexual attack on their child. They thought they were doing the best for her. The girl, now in her twenties, is an introverted spinster still living with her parents and suffering periodically from a nervous complaint.

Parents should do everything possible to help the police to catch the man who carries out indecent assaults so that the courts can punish him, or order him to have medical treatment before he progresses to full-scale rape.

POLICE investigations into indecent assaults are often made more difficult because it is the parents' natural reaction to dump the child and her clothes in hot water as soon as she is found.

But the police like to be called immediately, to get the girl's story and her description of the man while the incident is fresh in her mind and to gather evidence from her clothing.

In all physical contact, cloth fibres and other potential clues to identity are transferred. With these minute particles, the forensic science laboratories may bring a man to justice.

Parents often suggest to me that I should talk to schoolchildren and warn them about sexual assaults in much the same way as traffic policemen give lectures on road safety. I feel, however, that this subject comes under sex education, which is the parents' responsibility.

I am also often asked why the police do not provide more patrols in such obvious black spots as public parks. The answer is that the police *do* patrol black spots, though not always in uniform. The man taking his dog for a walk through a wooded parkland may well be a detective; the courting couple may well be police officers on patrol.

The character usually known to people in the north as the local daft lad frequently troubles parents. They suspect him of indecent behaviour often without having the slightest shred of evidence. They ask me: "Why can't the police arrest these dubious characters and put them away before they do real harm?"

Such suggestions, of course, go right against our traditions of civil liberty. And in any case, police experience indicates that the local daft lad very rarely carries out indecent attacks.

If parents find, however, that their child is unduly frightened of someone in the local community, they should immediately try to discover the reason. Quite often we have learned that men threaten children with violence if they tell their parents about an indecent assault.

Most people do not realize that if they should see an indecent assault they have the same powers of arrest as a policeman, providing that they keep the assailant under continuous observation until they lay their hands on him.

If you ever find yourself in a position to make such an arrest, you need have little to fear about the man turning on you. Most men who commit these crimes are meek and come very quietly to the police station. THE END

During an operation, an artificial heart (right) will not only pump blood, but can also take over the work of the lungs

They're taking the worry out of your heart

by Dr. BRIAN ANSON

Today, surgeons are experts at make-do and mend. If your heart goes wrong, you can borrow one —or share with somebody else

It was in 1941 in the early, pioneering days of medical research into the human heart. At that time procedure was crude. Working on the problem of measuring blood pressure inside the heart, one experimenter inserted a long, narrow tube into a vein in his arm and then threaded several feet of it into his body.

Then he calmly walked through the hospital corridors to the X-ray department and asked for plates to be taken to prove that the tube had actually reached his heart.

Today doctors have perfected this technique into a painless and perfectly safe procedure. Artificial hearts have been constructed which will take over the work, not only of the heart but of the lungs as well.

The human heart is amazingly robust. Normally it is the strongest and most efficient organ in the body. The heart of an athlete running a four-minute mile may be pumping blood at the rate of eight gallons a minute—equivalent to the output of a roadside petrol pump.

Moreover, the heart will go on beating indefinitely, unless interfered with by acquired disease or by faulty initial construction.

Until quite recently the heart was the province of the physician, but the work of such pioneers as Sir Russell Brock has brought it into the domain of the surgeon.

This is graphically illustrated by the treatment of mitral stenosis, one of the commonest forms of heart disease.

A typical patient may be a woman in her early thirties. When she was fifteen she had rheumatic fever, which damaged and scarred the mitral valve which lies between the two chambers on the left side of the heart.

The scar tissue has gradually contracted, as all scars will, until the valve has contracted to the point of obstruction and it has become difficult for the heart to pump blood through this narrow orifice.

Just as hard work develops the biceps, so this extra work has developed her heart muscle, and its extra power has kept her free from trouble all these years. But one day the left auricle, the upper chamber of the heart which has had the extra work to do, gave up the struggle and, instead of beating regularly, went into a tremulous dither of rapid, feeble contractions. The result was that the patient became breathless.

Until surgery took a hand, there were two ways of dealing with such a case. It could be treated with the drug digitalis, in an effort to prevent any of these irregular impulses reaching the ventricle, which could thus establish a rhythm of its own.

Or an alternative drug, quinidine, was sometimes successful in restoring the auricular rhythm to normal. The patient often lost much of her breathlessness, but she still had the constriction, and usually had to have treatment for the rest of her life.

Now operations are safer

In 1923 one surgeon did operate to enlarge the constriction. His patient survived the operation, but lived only another four years.

Attempts to repeat this were disastrous, and it was given up, to be revived in recent years chiefly by the pioneer work of Sir Russell Brock.

There have been vast advances in technique, aided by greatly improved anaesthesia. The operation has been made very much safer by using the minimum amounts of anaesthetic and relaxing drugs, and keeping the blood pressure normal by small injections of a drug called noradrenaline.

The simplest form of the operation is performed by attaching a tiny knife to the tip of the finger, pushing it through the wall of the auricle till the valve is reached, snicking the valve open, and

They're taking the worry out of your heart

continued from previous page

then slowly withdrawing the finger as the hole is closed by a previously inserted suture.

But it may be difficult to reach the valve, or to be sure of cutting in the right place. Then a small opening is made in the ventricle as well, and a blunt instrument called a dilator is passed through this until it is seated in the valve opening and can act as a guide to the knife.

When a heart has been fluttering for a long time the auricle has not been contracting, and the blood in it may have clotted. Such a clot may have to be removed through a separate incision, in order to reach the valve and to make it possible for the auricle to contract once more.

Sometimes a baby is born with congenital heart disease. It may have a purplish complexion (which has led to the term "blue baby"), and get alarming attacks of breathlessness. Or it may appear normal until about six years old, when a defect which did not upset a very small child becomes a handicap.

The heart of the unborn baby develops between the third and eighth weeks of pregnancy, and during these five weeks passes rapidly through forms resembling the much simpler hearts of amphibians and reptiles.

But a human heart arrested at this stage cannot be efficient. Some failure of nutrition, some infection of the mother, halts the development, and the child is born with a malformed heart.

Hole in the heart

Most of these congenital defects involve some unwanted communication between the right side of the heart, which pumps blood to the lungs, and the left side, which pumps oxygenated blood, received back from the lungs, to the rest of the body. Blood may be passing through such a hole in either direction.

If the blood passes from right to left, it never reaches the lungs, and goes out to the body again without being oxygenated, giving the baby a purple complexion.

If the flow is the other way, some of the fully oxygenated blood from the lungs, which should all be going to the body, is passed again through the lungs. There is no lack of oxygen, but as only part of the oxygenated blood is going the proper way the head and parts of the body do not get enough.

This does not matter a lot in a baby not using its limbs, but it handicaps a small child trying to run about and live a normal life.

There are many varieties of congenital heart disease, and not all are due to arrested development in the early stages. The unborn baby does not use its lungs, and has a by-pass, called the *ductus arteriosus*, from the pulmonary artery, which goes to the lungs, to the aorta, the main vessel to the body.

At the child's first breath both the ductus and these temporary vessels should shrivel up and soon disappear. But sometimes the ductus stays open.

In this condition the blood is shunted from left to right, and gets well oxygenated. The newborn baby is not a "blue baby," so the condition is sometimes unsuspected until the child is perhaps five years old.

The first attempt to operate on a case of congenital heart disease was made, successfully, on a child with this condition in 1939. The unwanted ductus was tied and cut off and the small patient was soon able to lead a normal life.

With the increasing medical attention that children get, this trouble is now diagnosed earlier, and the best age for the operation is now recognized to be between three and four years.

A heart whose development has been arrested is a much more complicated problem. A common variety of congenital disease is known as Fallot's tetralogy, after the doctor who first described it. It is known as tetralogy because there are four major defects.

Firstly, the valve from heart to lungs is too constricted to take a proper flow of blood. Secondly, there is a by-passing hole between the two sides of the heart. Thirdly, the aorta leads off from both sides of the heart instead of only from the left. The last defect is that the right side of the heart is too big.

The first attempt to do something about this really daunting problem was made in 1945 by a surgeon named Blalock. He did not interfere with the heart itself, but made an artificial by-pass from the carotid artery to the pulmonary artery, so enabling blood on its way to the head to go first to the lungs to collect oxygen.

In 1950 came the first successful extension of this, when a further operation on the constricted pulmonary valve, similar to that performed for mitral stenosis, was added. Patients were able to lead normal lives up to a point, but were still restricted in the amount of exercise which they could take.

Neither condition could be tackled without stopping the circulation, emptying the heart of blood, opening it, and stitching up these defects from inside. This was not possible because the brain cannot do without oxygen for more than about two minutes.

By stages this time has been lengthened. It was found that if a patient's temperature was lowered to about eighty-six degrees instead of the normal ninety-eight, the whole body mechanism slowed down, as it does in a hibernating animal, and the brain could get along comfortably without oxygen for as much as ten minutes.

This lowering of temperature, known as hypothermia, can be done in a number of ways, including putting the anaesthetized patient in an ice pack, or tapping the blood stream and passing the blood through a cooler before sending it back.

Surgeons were now able to clamp the blood vessels leading to and from the heart, open it, stitch up a hole, and close the incision. But they were operating against a stop watch. What was needed was some other pump which could take over the heart's duties for a longer time.

This was first done in 1955. The patient was a child, and the ingenious plan was to have an adult of the same blood group lying on an adjoining table, so that their blood vessels could be connected. The adult heart could beat for two people. This was entirely successful.

Further operations were performed in this way, but there were obvious difficulties. If the patient was an adult, one heart might not be able to keep two circulations going. Donors, unless they were devoted mothers, were not easy to enlist.

And the presence of a healthy, conscious donor in the operating theatre had its drawbacks. Every effort was made to devise a mechanical pump to take the place of the human heart.

Microphones placed on a patient's chest will amplify heart sounds, which are recorded on paper by a phonocardiograph

During the last two or three years a number of successful "artificial hearts" have been devised. They not only pump the blood, but also oxygenate it and remove carbon dioxide, taking over the work of the lungs as well.

An artificial heart is not a simple thing which can be carried round in the pocket and relied on to work automatically. It must be controlled by a carefully trained team. The brain's oxygen supply has to be checked throughout the operation, by the electroencephalograph. Blood pressures must be maintained. The blood must not be allowed to clot in the machine. The volume of circulating blood must be checked and "topped up" by transfusion if necessary.

There is no more important member of the team than the anaesthetist, who has a whole battery of recording instruments.

Before a surgeon can undertake so difficult an operation, he needs a very complete diagnosis. The vague information that there is a hole in the heart, or a constricted valve, is quite useless.

He needs to know the exact anatomical deformity, the different pressures of blood in the various heart chambers and large blood vessels, the amount of oxygen in the blood in these differing places, the heart's output, and many other things.

The stethoscope first led doctors to listen to the sounds of the heart and note their changes in disease. Next came the polygraph, an instrument that could be strapped to the wrist and the neck to record the pulse waves in arteries and veins and compare their times.

This clarified many of the obscurities about irregularities in the heart's action. Then the sphygmomanometer was introduced to measure the blood pressure. Most important of all, about the time of the first World War, the electrocardiograph came into use.

This instrument records the tiny electric currents given off as the heart muscle contracts. At first it depended on a vibrating thread photographed through a microscope, so delicate that it had to be housed on concrete in a hospital basement. Now small portable instruments with transistor amplifiers give a direct reading with a pen on a moving roll of paper.

As well as the stethoscope doctors have the phonocardiograph, which, through a small microphone placed on the chest, amplifies sounds and records them on paper.

X-rays were, for a long time, not much help to the cardiologist. Heartbeats blurred the picture and, the X-ray tube being close behind the patient, the rays spread out after passing the heart and gave a distorted picture.

The modern X-ray tube is so powerful that it can be placed far enough away from the patient to avoid this spread, and can take its pictures in a fraction of a second, enabling the surgeon to see the exact size of the heart vessels.

An X-ray is a shadowgraph, and normally shows the heart's outline but no interior details. In aneurism, aortic disease, and above all in congenital heart disease, it is necessary to know the shape and size of the cavities and the direction in which the blood flows through them. This is discovered by means of angiocardiography.

X-rays thrown on screen

A substance opaque to X-rays is injected into the blood, and a rapid series of pictures taken immediately afterwards. An extension of this is cineradiography, first developed towards the end of the second World War. The X-ray images are thrown on a brilliant fluorescent screen, and a very wide aperture lens is used on the camera.

It is possible to watch, on such a film, the blood entering the right heart, whizzing out of it to the lungs, reappearing in the left heart and so out again.

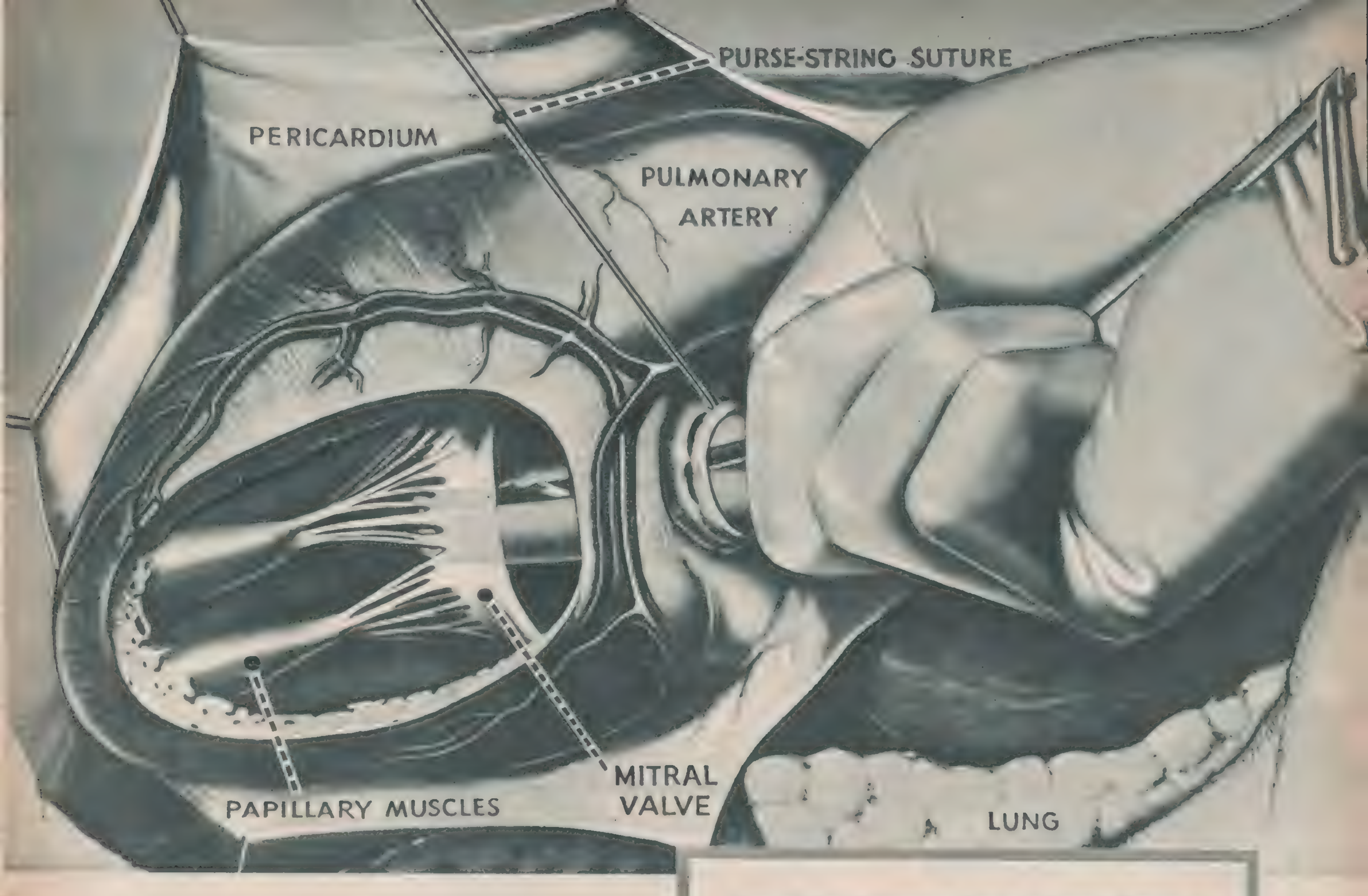
Before a surgeon can operate on a heart, he needs even more information than is obtainable from the X-ray and the electrocardiograph. He must know the blood pressure, not only in the arms, but in the actual chambers of the heart, and the proportion of oxygen in the blood inside the heart and even in its large blood vessels.

To get this information a procedure has been devised, known as cardiac catheterization. This involves inserting a long, narrow tube into one of the arm veins and threading it along until it enters the heart.

The tip of the tube can be pushed into both chambers of the right heart, then into the big veins supplying them, and so into the pulmonary artery going to the lungs. If there is a "hole" between right and left sides of the heart, the tube may be coaxed through it.

To get samples from the left side of the heart it is now possible to insert a tube straight through the front of the chest and through the heart wall.

Even when this has been done, a



One of the commonest forms of heart disease is mitral stenosis, which prevents blood passing from one chamber of the heart to another. This can be cured by surgery. The heart is laid bare, allowing the surgeon to enlarge the mitral valve by cutting it with a knife attached to his finger

full diagnosis of the heart involves knowledge of other organs of the body. The blood must be examined for anaemia, the thyroid gland for over-activity. The state of the kidneys, the blood vessels and the liver all have a bearing.

If the heart has been failing, and fluid has accumulated in the tissues, there may be an upset in the balance of protein, and salts of potassium and sodium in the system, and this may have to be corrected. And, of course, the patient's blood group must be known, for a transfusion will certainly be needed.

It is sometimes necessary to provide a bigger and better blood vessel to carry the blood away from the heart. In a congenital condition known as coarctation of the aorta, the early part of this large and important artery is narrowed to the point of obstruction.

Fortunately there are a number of linkages between the different blood vessels of the body, and the blood-stream usually finds a devious way round.

Nevertheless, the tendency is for too much blood to reach the head and the upper limbs, too little the lower part of the body and the legs. The patient with coarctation suffers from throbbings in the head and neck, nose bleeding and pains in the chest.

If no treatment can be effected, the outlook is poor, as the heart fails under the strain at an early age.

In 1945 the first successful operation for this condition was performed, the aorta being clamped on both sides of the constriction, the narrow piece cut out, and the raw ends joined together.

However, a difficult problem arose when the cut ends were unlikely to meet, and this was not solved until 1950. The solution was arterial grafting, using other people's arteries, which had been stored in deep freeze.

Normally such grafts of tissue will not take. The success of arterial grafting was due to the fact that, while the graft was still in place, the patient's body formed a new tube round it. When this was realized, synthetic substitutes were made from plastic materials. These could be made to measure on the spot.

Such are some of the inroads which surgery is making into the treatment of heart diseases hitherto thought incurable. It is still true that the majority of heart conditions are outside surgical scope and have to be treated, or better still prevented, by the physician. Valvular troubles are an example.

Their chief cause is rheumatic fever. Better housing and effective treatment of sore throats by antibiotics have already gone a long way to reduce their prevalence. Experiments are going on to see if cortisone or its derivatives will prevent heart trouble developing in a child who has rheumatic fever.

One of the biggest cardiac problems is coronary thrombosis; the number of cases is showing a steady increase. Ironically, this is especially true in the medical profession. The basic factor in coronary thrombosis is a roughening, atheroma, of the coronary artery which supplies the heart muscle with blood.

Threat to circulation

When an artery is roughened, a clot may form and stop the circulation.

The seriousness of a coronary thrombosis depends on whether this happens in a main division of the artery or in one of its smaller branches. Blocking a big branch will cut off the blood supply to a large part of the heart and so cause sudden death.

Fortunately many attacks involve only small branches; the patient is desperately ill for a while, but eventually recovers. After immediate treatment for pain and shock, anti-coagulant drugs such as heparin are used to prevent extension of the clot.

What is really needed is to prevent the atheroma. Here we seem on the verge of a great extension of our knowledge, for evidence is accumulating that atheroma may be intimately bound up with dietary habits.

Coronary thrombosis occurs far more often in the well-fed sections of the world's population than among those on the hunger line. In some of the occupied countries during the second World War, when people were on a starvation diet, this disease practically disappeared, only to return with peace and prosperity.

One theory is that atheroma is produced by a substance called cholesterol circulating in the blood. Cholesterol is a product of certain kinds of fat, but not of others. Indeed, there appear to be some fats which will actually reduce cholesterol.

Professor Haqvin Malmros, in Sweden, has investigated different fatty foods, by feeding different sorts of fat to groups of patients and carrying out blood tests.

He condemns most milk and meat fats; cream, butter and cheese.

One difficulty is that there is so far no certain way of knowing if a given artery is atheromatous or not, and a technique to make sure of this is eagerly awaited.

Recent work has been done in Finland, which has a higher death rate from coronary disease than any other European country. This seems astonishing, as coronary disease had been looked upon as a townsman's risk from which healthy countrymen are relatively free—and Finland is mainly a country of farmers and woodcutters.

Finns, with their cold climate and vigorous exercise, seem to eat well and heartily. Investigations have shown that, on the average, their cholesterol percentage is higher than in other countries.

But that is not the whole story. Coronary disease is more prevalent in the east of Finland than in the west, but the amount of fat consumed in the two areas shows little difference.

A lack of iodine

What has been noted is that in eastern Finland there is lack of iodine in the diet. Not only does western Finland get more iodine, it gets a lot more vitamin C and vitamin E.

It may be both a fatty diet and lack of iodine which account for the coronary troubles in Finland.

These investigations have not yet reached the stage at which they definitely incriminate any kind of diet. But all over the world similar studies are taking place, rapidly adding to our knowledge, and before long it may be possible to say to middle-aged people: "Eat this, deny yourself that, and you will live longer." THE END

As Dayton's hat rolled on the floor the ragged man hit him again. Kitty began, almost inaudibly to weep . . .

A belt full of

Kitty was scared. Now she knew why the gunmen were out to get Dayton. He wore three thousand dollars tucked under his shirt

money

by MERLE CONSTINER

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BJARNASON

NIGHT had fallen when Dayton Crandall rode into Blue Rock. He was seventeen, small and wiry. Dog-tired, he stabled his sorrel and walked up the street, looking for an hotel. Over his left shoulder were his saddlebags. Under his shirt, around his sweating belly, was the money belt containing the three thousand dollars.

A floater's wagon was camped for the night in a weedy space between two shops. It was a sorry-looking outfit. The two mules beside it, though—one with a split ear—were spruce and fine. An elderly man and a girl about sixteen sat at a tiny fire.

They smiled and said, "Evening."

Dayton moved his lips politely but soundlessly, and nodded.

"Maybe he can't talk," said the girl.

"That'll be enough, Kitty," said the man. "He ain't bothering nobody, so leave him be."

She was a lovely little thing, white-skinned in the firelight. She sat on the calves of her legs, her feet pigeon-toed behind her, her hands on her knees. A thick braid of ebony hair hung like a plumb line from the nape of her neck to the small of her back.

Cautiously, Dayton decided to be sociable. "You folks seen a hotel around anywheres?"

"Yonder," said the old man, pointing.

"Thank you kindly," said Dayton.

"Yes, indeed," said the girl. "You bet. Glad to oblige."

"Now, Kitty," said the old man sternly.

THE hotel was at the end of the street, two storeys and dilapidated. The sign said, THE EAMS HOUSE. *Well, here goes,* thought Dayton, and entered. He came into a small room, rugless, with filthy walls and a cobwebbed ceiling. There was no sign of a human, but he could hear genial masculine voices rumbling behind a partly open door. He relaxed.

He was thinking about his sick sister, back on the ranch at Bullskin Creek, when the drone of voices began to make words and sentences.

"One of them has a split ear," said the first voice.

"A mule don't pull with his ear," said the second.

"I'll want a bill of sale from you. And how can you sell me something you ain't got?"

"I'll get them, and I'll get them legal, and you'll get your bill of sale as well," said the second voice, laughing.

The two men appeared so quickly, as they came through the doorway, that Dayton flinched. He had been so intent on the conversation that his hand roamed involuntarily. For the past five hundred miles in the saddle his money belt had pinched him just over his spine. Unconsciously, he had been rubbing the tender spot. Taking off his hat with his other hand to divert attention, he dropped his guilty hand to his trouser seam.

The men were still talking, but now they were talking about card games. One of them, red-faced, looked like a disreputable, down-and-out rancher. The other, bloated and greasy with hair oil, was obviously a townsman.

"Howdy, son," he said expansively.

REELING and staggering, the red-faced rancher came out through a flap in the counter. He stumbled to one knee by Dayton, clawing, and Dayton stood him on his feet.

"Thanks," said the rancher. "I guess I been taken with demijohn fever."

Dayton made a disapproving mouth and said nothing.

"I'm T. H. Eams, the owner here," said the other. "My rooms are fifty cents per night, and tonight you can take your pick. The best one on a night like this, with a little breeze from the north, is number eight, at the back of the upstairs hall." He put forward a register.

Dayton signed it and laid down fifty cents.

"Desert hellish hot today?" asked Eams.

"I couldn't say," said Dayton.

He knew he was being pumped, and said it curtly. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, however, when he realized he had answered a hidden question. The desert lay south of Blue Rock. The trail through Blue Rock ran north and south. Therefore he had come from the north and was travelling into the desert, south. He despised people that tricked you, even with words.

Without further conversation, he walked up the stairs, down the hall and into room eight. He turned the key in the lock, and sat on the bed. He took off his neckerchief. He was in a situation he didn't care for—didn't care for at all. He had a terrible decision to make.

The girl Kitty and her old man were in a mighty bad hole and didn't even suspect it. That Mr. Eams was going to take their mules from them. The decent thing was to warn them.

But there was more than decency in it for Dayton. His sister's life was involved. Months ago, down on the Crandall ranch at Bullskin Creek, his ten-year-old sister, Eden, had been thrown from a half-broken horse. She had been put to bed; after a bit the pain stopped, but as weeks went on she began to waste and her voice became a whisper. Doctor Jordan said the only thing that could save her was to send her to New Orleans. All told, he figured, it would cost about fifteen hundred dollars.

There had been bad drought on Bullskin and the Crandalls had been living without white flour and coffee. Uncle Martin mentioned Uncle Travis with his giant herds up in Wyoming, but everybody shook their heads; they didn't want to be beholden to anyone, even a close kinsman. It was Dayton's mother who broke first. All right, she said, they'd send Dayton up to Uncle Travis.

The trip to Wyoming had been incredibly endless and difficult. When Uncle Travis heard the story he was badly shocked. He added another fifteen hundred dollars and Dayton took it.

DAILY overpushing himself, he undertook the exhausting trip home. In his urgency, he had decided on this short cut through Blue Rock, and then a stretch of desert.

"Mind your own business," his mother had warned and that was his problem now. Should he save an old man and a girl from disaster, and risk involvement and disaster himself? It was the first big decision that he had ever had to make himself.

He sat stone-still for a while, frozen, haggard, travel-worn, then got to his feet and left the room. Steep stairs at the rear of the hall descended to a short passage which led him out into a grubby backyard. About him the town was dark. He turned to his left and came upon the floater's wagon from the rear.

"You must harness up and pull out this minute," said Dayton, and he told the old man and the girl the story of Eams and his companion at the hotel. "He's set to take this team of mules. He's just about already sold them."

The girl said: "I'm Kitty Yarman. And this is my father. I didn't catch your name?"

"Stick to the point," said the old man, in a flurry of excitement.

"I'm Dayton Crandall," said Dayton, "from down on Bullskin Creek."

"Pleased to meet you," said Kitty.

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am," said Dayton.

"Pleased to meet—pleased to meet!" raged the old man. "How can he do it? How can he take my mules away?"

"Several ways," said Dayton. "He might get a few of his friends to go before a J.P. and swear them away from you. That would be the easiest way. There are other ways—meaner ways."

"Grab that harness, Kitty," said the old man. "We're movin'."

"Thank you, Mr. Crandall," the girl said. "I'm sorry I was snippy with you earlier in the evening."

Earnestly, guilelessly, Dayton said: "Forget it. That's the way girls do when they like a boy on sight. They get snippy with him."

"Well!" she said. Then she said, "For evermore!" Then she said, "Heavens above!" Her voice had icicles on it.

ON returning to his room at Eams House, Dayton turned the key, lighted the candle stub and jammed a chair beneath the doorknob. He sat on the edge of the bed and thought for a while, first about his sister, Eden, and then about Blue Rock.

He was thinking about Kitty when he heard a creak on the stairs. Somebody was mounting them quietly to the upper hall. He drew his pistol, held it loose at his thigh and put out the candle. Standing by the door, he rested the tip of his forefinger delicately on the doorknob.

The doorknob moved beneath his fingertip. Moved and grew still. He waited. A noisy, friendly knock sounded on the door panel. The voice of Mr. Eams, friendly yet apologetic, came through the thin wood. "Hate to bother you, but can I come in a minute?"

Dayton counted ten, removed his barricade, and unlocked the door. He opened it a small crack and peered out. Mr. Eams was standing in the hall, holding a kerosene lamp. Wordlessly, Dayton stepped back and allowed him to enter.

Mr. Eams put the lamp on the washstand. "Your shutter is banging," he said. "It's keeping some of the other guests awake. I'll have to hook it."

"I could have hooked it myself," said Dayton, "if you'd just asked me."

"Not this one," said Mr. Eams. He went to the window, leaned out, fussed around outside and pulled back in. "There's a trick to this one."

He stood for a long moment, staring at Dayton. He seemed angry and baffled and frustrated. Finally, he asked: "Was you just sitting here in the dark?"

"I was asleep," said Dayton blandly.

"With your clothes on?"

"I'm afraid of fire," said Dayton

A belt full of money

continued from previous page

pleasantly. He looked Eams straight in the eye.

"Fire?" said Mr. Eams, boggling.

"Yes, sir. Ain't you?"

"No," said Mr. Eams. From the doorway, he said: "And do you always sleep with your pistol in your hand?"

"Only in hotels," said Dayton. "I wouldn't want to forget it, if, say, there was a fire."

"This your first hotel?"

"And my last," said Dayton. "Back home, or out on the range for that matter, there ain't no busted shutters, so people don't wake you up to fix them." He smiled disarmingly. "No offence meant."

"No offence taken," rasped Mr. Eams. "Good-night."

ALONE, Dayton once more barricaded his door. He watched the sky through the window and when, hours later, it showed a hint of pre-dawn fading, he left the hotel by the back door.

He awakened the stableman, saddled, and was a good seven miles into the desert by the time the sun was up.

A rancher up on the Gunnison River had mentioned this old desert short cut. Time and the desert, the rancher had said, had obliterated most of it, and its sole lingering advantage was a waterhole in a rocky canyon a day's journey from Blue Rock.

Dayton found the trail almost at once, and almost immediately lost it. He found it again about noon, from a rotting wagon wheel. Once he thought he'd not only lost it but himself, and was going in circles, but about four o'clock he saw stony ridges almost dead ahead—the water-hole.

He reached it just before sunset, at least four hours behind his schedule. He'd wandered more than he had suspected. As he approached, his discomfort grew, and his mind knew suddenly what it had hidden from him all day. He was dreading this place.

He moved his sorrel forward and was soon in the gorge. On either side were blocks of rock, leaning inward, with tonguelike crevices between them. Deep in one of these crevices he hid his money belt, concealing all traces.

Once more moving forward, rounding a corner, he came into a bowl-like hollow. In the near distance lay the waterhole, clear, cool, beautiful. Slightly to his right was a small, weathered building without windows—an abandoned store. Close to it was a floater's wagon; the Yarmans' wagon.

Dayton bellowed, "Howdy!"—calling out his presence, as was proper etiquette. Then he saw the two men.

They were across the hollow, beyond the waterhole, sitting under trees.

Kitty and old man Yarman came towards him. They approached him woodenly, as though he were an utter stranger. Old man Yarman helped him unsaddle. Lowering his head, speaking softly, rapidly, he said: "Them's gunmen yonder. I know it in a strange way I can't figure out. I seen 'em all the time I was in Blue Rock. They made the Eams House their headquarters. Got here three hours ago."

The men rose and stretched. They came out of the shade, walking lazily.

"Listen," said the old man urgently. "Listen. They're after you. They been asking me and Kitty questions."

"Oh," said Dayton.

HE wiped his jaw. So it had all meant something. That was why the man had pawed him in the hotel. He'd suspected, and confirmed, that Dayton was carrying a money belt. That was why Eams had paid him that night visit, looking for an opening, but not finding one. And now two other men—professionals probably—were here waiting for him.

The two men walked up and stopped. Dayton had never seen either before. One was scarfaced and ragged; the other red-haired and skinny.

Speaking to Dayton as though she were in the process of answering a question, Kitty said: "It's one day's journey, straight north."

"What's straight north?" put in the skinny man.

"He was just inquiring how to get to Blue Rock," said Kitty.

"Get to Blue Rock?" said the ragged man. "Didn't he just come from there?"

"No, sir," said Dayton. "I come from way down nigh Old Mexico."

The ragged man drew his pistol and trained it on Dayton's heart. "Dump your gun belt," he said.

Dayton dropped it. The red-haired man picked it up, went into the store and returned with old man Yarman's carbine. "O.K.," he said.

"We're law officers," said the ragged man gravely. "So everybody just keep simmered down. We're on the trail of a young feller about like this sprout, that blowed a train up in Kansas. He got hurt a little and he's got a bandage around his stomach. . . . All right son, let's take a look at that stomach."

Dayton pulled up his shirt. They crowded close and examined him, searching his clothes in disappointment.

"What's your name?" said the skinny man.

"James Jackson," said Dayton. "Junior."

The gunmen stared at each other in indecision.

"Well," said the ragged man, "what do you make of it?"

"Looks like he's the wrong boy," said his partner. "But the other one will come along. We'll wait."

When they returned to their fire, they took not only Mr. Yarman's carbine and Uncle Martin's pistol; they also took Dayton's sorrel.

After they had gone, old man Yarman said pensively: "This is just the beginning, o' course. I seen them two fellers somewhere before Blue Rock. I even heard their names. Dod-rot it, I can't remember."

"Supper's ready," said Kitty.

They ate in the decaying kitchen of the store, and Kitty lighted a lamp. Dayton's spirits lifted a little.

"They'll be back, o' course," said the old man. "These fellers is very smart. When no other boy shows up, they'll figure you fooled them, and you better not throw that James Jackson Junior in their faces no more."

"We'll see," said Dayton doggedly.

The old man shifted in his chair. "I don't mean to be hateful," he said, "but I doubt your name is even Dayton Crandall. Why are these men trailing you? It's because you're an outlaw yourself, and got into trouble with some of their friends."

"No," said Dayton hoarsely. "Don't say those things. Let me explain."

He told them the whole story—about his impoverished family, about his sick sister, and what the money would mean at home.

"I'm proud to know you," said Kitty softly.

They sat in utter quiet. After a bit, the old man said: "Simmons and Garry. It was up in Montana a year ago that I seen them. They was the worst kind of outlaws. The skinny one is named Simmons; the other one Garry."

Kitty looked appalled.

"All that don't help us none," said Dayton. "I wish I didn't even know."

"It might help us," said the old man slowly, "if we handle it right." He seemed to go into a reverie. "All right," he said, after a moment. "Yes. Now here's the way we'll do it. . . ."

"Now get pen and ink, Kitty," said the old man eventually. "And write."

She took pen and ink and a scrap of paper from a valise. The old man dictated and she wrote. When she had finished, she kissed the paper for luck, folded it and handed it to Dayton. He tucked it in the band of his hat.

"You got the idea now," said old man Yarman. "From here on, son, it's up to you."

Dayton nodded, and wet his lips.

Time went by—a long time—and no one spoke. Beyond the open door there was nothing but desert silence.

The two men came suddenly, with no warning of their approach. Dayton watched them numbly. They stood just inside the door.

"Listen," said Dayton. With great ostentation, he picked his hat up from the table and set it dramatically on his head. "I want to change my story. I'm Dayton Crandall."

The ragged man smiled faintly. "You had to be. Now where's the money belt?"

"Where you can't get it," said Dayton pleasantly.

The ragged man hit him with his six-gun, and Dayton sprawled. His hat rolled on the floor. The ragged man hit him again. Kitty began to weep, almost inaudibly.

"Where?" repeated the ragged man.

Dayton staggered and lurched across the room. He picked up his hat, examined it craftily and placed it again on his head.

Lazily, the skinny man reached out and removed it. "You surely cherish this, don't you, boy?"

An instant later, he discovered the paper. He read it aloud:

> *This is to certify and testify that Dayton Crandall has entrusted into my care a money belt containing $22,000, counted out in my presence, to be held in my safe until called for.*
>
> *T. H. Eams,*
> *Prop. Eams House.*

He and his partner looked stupefied.

"Sylvester sent us on a wild-goose chase," the skinny man said. "Eams had it all the time."

Sylvester must be the red-faced rancher, Dayton thought.

"You didn't do that, did you, boy?" said the ragged man. "You didn't trust all that money with a skunk like sneaky Eams?"

Dayton inhaled, steadied himself, and was finally able to speak. "I don't think Mr. Eams is sneaky. I figure him as a fine upstanding citizen. He tried to help me."

"Now how was that?" asked the skinny man.

"Well, he said if I was carrying money, I'd better leave it with him. He said the country was full of robbers. He said he'd just lock my money up, and my father could come for it later. He said it was a man's job, carrying money, not a boy's."

"I can't believe it," said the ragged man. "But it sure sounds like Eams."

"So he said the country was full of robbers?" murmured the skinny man. "He didn't happen to mention nobody in partickler?"

"I don't want to answer that," said Dayton.

Softly, the ragged man said: "Twenty-two thousand dollars!"

Old man Yarman wiped his nose with his thumb. That was the signal.

"That's right, Mr. Garry," said Dayton. "Twenty-two thousand."

The outlaws froze.

"What did you say?" asked the skinny man.

"I said yes, he was right."

"I don't mean that. You called him Garry. Where did you hear Garry?"

"He had to hear it from Eams," said the ragged man.

"I don't want to answer that, either," said Dayton. "I don't want to get Mr. Eams in any trouble."

"That clinches it," said the ragged man. "The money is in Eams's safe in Blue Rock. We're in the wrong place. We're wasting time. Let's move."

"Can I have my paper back?" asked Dayton. "That's my receipt."

The skinny man handed it to him. "Help yourself. I doubt if we'll be needin' it."

"Thank you, Mr. Simmons," said Dayton politely. The man flinched.

The ragged man laid out final instructions. "We're on our way. You know where to find your horse and hardware. Just a word of warning. We'll forget you, if you forget us."

"Glad to," said old man Yarman agreeably. "Glad to forget you."

QUICKLY the outlaws left the building. A few minutes later they rode past the door, loping into the night.

Early the next morning, Dayton said goodbye to Kitty and her father. "It's all over," said Dayton. "I'm almost home."

When they didn't answer, he said: "The Bullskin Creek country would be a mighty good place to settle down, Mr. Yarman. Why don't you come down and give it a look?"

"I might," said old man Yarman, after a pause. "If I'd be welcome."

"You'd be welcome, sir," said Dayton quietly.

"Who are you to tell us where we can and can't go?" said Kitty.

"Now, Kitty," said the old man. "Don't get snippy."

"Mr. Crandall wants me to chase him," she said. "He knows what people thinks about girls who chase boys, but he don't care."

"Now, Kitty," said Dayton, grinning. THE END

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Autumn Evening

The Autumn evening was hushed when I
Came into the town. Then I turned to see
A lemon moon in a lavender sky
And it seemed that the world was changed for me.
I stood in the street alone, amazed:
Never had beauty seemed so bright;
As if to possess it, I gazed and gazed
Until the evening turned to night.
Those magical minutes, the silent air,
I shall remember until I die:
Once in a lifetime may come so rare
A lemon moon in a lavender sky.

DOUGLAS GIBSON

Rarely have outdoor events been hit so hard. Even Wimbledon (above) failed to keep its reputation for the finest fortnight's weather of the summer

Holidaymakers, sportsmen and farmers . . . they've all been blaming the bomb. Now experts admit that it may cause storms —and even black out the sun

Did the bomb tests ruin our summer?

by ARTHUR SMITH

So far as is known, there are four ways in which weather might be affected by H-bomb explosions. Firstly the fine dust from pulverized rock, shot high into the stratosphere from an explosion on or near the ground, continues to circle the earth for long periods after the explosion. In sufficient quantities, it can cut down the amount of sunlight reaching the surface of the earth.

Secondly, the energy created by such an explosion, though itself insignificant compared with normal weather processes, might serve as a "trigger mechanism" to divert some much larger source of energy from the path it would otherwise have taken.

Thirdly, debris thrown up by the explosion may have some catalytic effect on the behaviour of clouds and influence rainfall.

Lastly, the electrical state of the atmosphere, which plays a part in many of the natural processes governing the weather, could be changed when a bomb is detonated.

None of these effects is known, or can as yet be measured. All official reports emphasize that there is no evidence, one way or the other, to show whether H-bomb explosions affect the weather.

While Britain's average temperature dropped a degree or two during the three years following the first of the explosions, last year was the warmest since 1949. Rainfall was unusually high in 1954, but since then it has been below normal. Although 1958 has been both wet and cold, a few dry weeks in the autumn or winter would bring it within the normal range.

In spite of these assurances most of Britain's holidaymakers felt this year that something was going wrong with the weather. At least one event provides evidence that the debris thrown up by H-bombs may have had its effect.

It occurred in Sunda Strait, between the East Indian islands of Java and Sumatra, in 1883. The tiny island of Krakatoa was a long-extinct volcano, but in the spring of that year it began to show signs of activity. Through fissures caused by minor eruptions, sea water poured into the volcanic cauldron that lay beneath the island's rocky surface. Reaching the white-hot or molten rock the water was turned into steam, which then became trapped.

As the months went by, Krakatoa became virtually a boiler without a safety valve. Finally, even hundreds of feet of rock became insufficient to withstand the tremendous pressure built up below, and the island of Krakatoa tore itself apart in four huge explosions on August 27.

The noise was heard on Rodriguez Island, three thousand miles away across the Indian Ocean. The huge tidal wave which spread from Krakatoa washed the shores of England several days later.

About one and a quarter cubic miles of rock, amounting to several billion tons, were blasted from Krakatoa by the four explosions. As far distant as Batavia, a hundred miles away, the sky was darkened at midday by the volcanic ash and pumice thrown up. Much of it descended quickly, covering the neighbouring parts of Java and Sumatra to a depth of several feet.

Other debris fell into the sea around Krakatoa, raising the level of the sea bed and even creating new islands. But

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—Joan Brown proves it on T.V.

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(F.9)

Did the bomb tests ruin our summer?

continued from previous page

some of it, finely divided into dust by the impact of the explosion, was forced high into the stratosphere.

For about three years, the Krakatoa dust encircled the earth, colouring the sunsets of every continent. More important, it cut off some of the sunlight.

W. J. Humphreys, an American meteorologist, calculated that the dust from Krakatoa, and from a similar volcanic explosion, at Katmai, in Alaska, in 1912, cut down the amount of sunlight reaching the earth by as much as twenty per cent in places.

The effect is the straightforward one of lowering the overall temperature throughout the atmosphere. A study of the weather statistics for the years immediately after the Krakatoa and Katmai explosions revealed to Humphreys no significant climatic changes, but meteorological services were not then either extensive or skilled. And the dust persisted in the atmosphere for only about three years in each case—not long enough for any large-scale effects to make themselves shown over the normal chance variations in the atmosphere.

Humphreys, however, amassed enough evidence to convince himself, but not all his colleagues, that volcanic dust must have played an important part in the earth's climate in prehistoric days. He asserted that in past periods of heavy volcanic activity, enough dust was distributed in the stratosphere to produce the Ice Ages.

The second event which gives some support to the dust-cloud theory happened in the summer of 1956.

Astronomers noted that a huge dust storm, three thousand miles long and 250 miles wide, had sprung up on Mars. After some weeks the storm subsided. Then it was noticed that the North Polar ice-cap, which had shrunk in the normal way during the Martian summer, had grown once again. It became much larger than had ever before been observed at that time of the Martian year, and only slowly shrank to normal size.

Astronomers believe that the dust cloud lowered the temperature of the planet's rather thin atmosphere sufficiently to make the ice-cap grow to its winter size again. If this was so, it was spectacular proof that a planet's weather can be affected by dust clouds in the upper atmosphere.

How much dust has been shot into the atmosphere by the H-bombs that have so far been tested is difficult to assess, for full details of the tests have never been released, and in the case of the Russian tests it has not even been known whether the bombs were exploded in the air or on the ground.

The first explosion in the Eniwetok archipelago in 1952 gives a clue to the quantities of rock involved. The island of Elugelab was wiped off the map, and it left behind a crater more than a mile wide and 175 feet deep.

The bomb shifted quantities of coral probably approaching the amount of rock moved by the Krakatoa explosion.

Later bombs have grown in size. Tass, the Soviet news agency, claimed that the November, 1955, explosion in Siberia was the biggest man has ever brought about, and was equal to about fifty million tons of T.N.T.

No part of the world is immune from the dust sent up by such a blast.

Other ways in which H-bombs might affect the weather were discussed by a committee set up by the U.S. National Academy of Sciences in 1956. They pointed out that the energy of even a thermo-nuclear explosion was small when compared with most large-scale weather processes. The energy dissipated by a normal summer thunderstorm is estimated to be equal to the explosion of about twenty H-bombs.

Like all weather processes, the thunderstorm obtains its energy from the sun. In a giant cumulo-nimbus cloud, characteristic of thunderstorms, there is immense energy. An H-bomb explosion, in comparison, is like a tiny bubble of hot air in a huge sphere of unstable gas.

Two fairly large thunderstorms would probably contain as much energy as all the hydrogen bombs which have so far been tested.

Relatively small as the H-bomb explosion is, said the committee, there remains the possibility that it could serve as a "trigger mechanism" to divert some much larger source of energy from the path it would otherwise have taken. Nobody knows what effect this might have.

Closer to our present range of knowledge is the theory that debris thrown up might have some catalytic effect on the behaviour of clouds.

Droplets in a cloud are several thousand times smaller than the average raindrop, and they would never fall as raindrops unless small particles were available in the air to act as nuclei. A great deal of study has gone into how this happens. One view is that tiny salt particles, lifted from the sea by evaporation, are the most important nuclei in rain formation. Another suggestion is that micro-meteorites, which rain down on the atmosphere by the million every day, could act as nuclei.

Professional rainmakers of North America and Australia use tiny particles of silver iodide and other substances to "seed" clouds which are not producing rain. Around each "seed" thousands of cloud droplets condense into a larger drop which is too heavy to stay suspended and falls as rain.

High-flying debris from H-bombs is certainly pulverized to a sufficient fineness to make it possible for this mechanism to come into action. The result would be rain—where no rain should normally be.

The fact that the debris is largely radioactive opens up the possibility that it could change the electrical state of the atmosphere.

The earth's atmosphere is normally electrically charged to an extent that forms a voltage potential of about one hundred volts between itself and the earth. But Toronto physicists have discovered that when an H-bomb is exploded anywhere in the world this voltage drops to only fifteen volts, because a current is able to flow to the earth through the ionized gas.

The voltage returns to normal within a few days, but just how much the weather is affected is not known.

Two unrelated events have helped to confuse the issue in recent years. The first was a volcanic explosion in the Kamchatka peninsula, one of the Soviet Union's most remote regions, in 1956. It is believed that this explosion may have been in the same size range as Krakatoa, so there should still be a good deal of volcanic dust in the stratosphere, increasing the difficulties of making measurements there.

The second event was the discovery that the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is increasing yearly.

An important property of carbon dioxide is that it absorbs sunlight and therefore helps to warm up the atmosphere. An increase in the amount of carbon dioxide would lead to an increase in world-wide temperatures. And, in fact, the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere has increased by ten per cent during the past fifty years. Burning so much coal and oil pumps carbon dioxide into the atmosphere at a much faster rate than the earth's plant life can consume it.

This, it is believed, has led to the gradual trend towards higher temperatures that has been observed. One of the effects is that the polar ice-caps are shrinking. This has naturally made it more difficult to assess whether H-bomb dust is affecting our weather.

But during the next year or two, the many scientists who have been studying the upper atmosphere and the weather as part of the activities of the International Geophysical Year, will be publishing their findings. These findings will be backed by the greatest battery of scientific brains and scientific instruments ever assembled by mankind. They may give the answer, one way or the other.

THE END

Introducing a great new John Bull Feature for Home-lovers

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

by Roger Smithells

Britain's foremost expert presents the first of a sparkling series packed with practical ideas

"I like designing things," says Smithells. His hobby is finding ways to improve his own home

Comfort and Commonsense

IT is good to look pleasant, even better to be so. This is as true of houses as of people. You can make a house look pleasant with lordly fabrics, stylish furniture and clever colour schemes. But to be pleasant it must also be cosy, serviceable, sensibly arranged, comfortable.

In later issues of JOHN BULL I shall bring you news about furniture, fabrics, new wallpapers and paints and the latest ideas for using them. I shall report on jobs I am tackling in my own home and pass on some of the tips I have learned in our many home-making adventures.

We shall consider, too, such thorny matters as good taste and doing-the-right-thing about which I think many people worry too much. But this week I want to think about comfort which matters more, I suppose, than anything else in your home.

Comfort is not a matter of deep upholstery. It is made up of a hundred trifles—good light in the right place, freedom from draughts, plenty of storage space, room to stride about or do slimming exercises—practical things which have nothing to do with going contemporary or keeping up with the Joneses. A flair for comfort is more precious than a flair for colour.

Visitors find the faults

It is astonishing how uncomfortable other people manage to be. *Why do they put up with it?* you wonder, as you squeeze past a huge sideboard to reach your seat at a friend's table or perform an S bend to bring your face down to the level of the bathroom mirror. In fact, your friends have ceased to notice these tiresome details. It is the visitor who suffers.

We all develop these blind spots about our homes. The faults which the visitor notices are often ridiculously easy to remedy. We put up with them from sheer habit. Having furnished and decorated in a spurt of enthusiasm, we accept the results, more or less unchanged, for years. But a successful home is made by trial and error. Changes and experiments may be needed to achieve the best arrangement of each room. Half the fun of home-making is the fact that it is never finished.

Do you ever try to look at your home as though you had never seen it before? If imagination jibs at this feat, try seeing your rooms through the eyes of your friends. Seek their opinion and don't be offended if you get it.

Comfort is largely a matter of common sense. There must, for example, be a clear space round the sitting-room fire for easy chairs and settees. Writing-tables and dressing-tables must be placed in good light. It must be possible to look at bookshelves without peering in dark corners or going down on all fours.

Trouble—and the simple cure

In the process of visiting other people's homes and trying to improve my own I have encountered many forms of domestic discomfort. The following round-the-house quiz is based on the Smithells Catalogue of Common Household Ailments. There is a simple cure for each. If your house or flat is free from all these troubles you score high marks as a home-maker.

Do you have enough coat hooks in the hall and can the children reach them? If not, fix a batten of wood to the wall with fibre plugs and screw hooks into that. Fix another row at toddler level.

Is your telephone well placed, away from household traffic lanes and draughts? Is there a firm writing surface, a fixed notepad and anchored pencil? If there's no room for a telephone table, save space with a wall shelf and a stool which will slip under it.

Is your settee placed so that it cuts off the heat of the fire from the rest of the room? Try moving it to one side of the fireplace.

Do you shiver in draughts which could be cured by a few strips of plastic foam or metal draught excluder?

Do you have to lean sideways to get a good light on your book when you read in bed? Fix a wall light above the bedhead in place of that bedside lamp.

Does the handle or key of a door bang against the wall and wear a hole in the plaster? Screw a rubber door stop to the floor.

Do you let fragile treasures accumulate on furniture meant for practical use—especially fireside tables and piano tops? Follow the example of other museums and display your collections in glass cases.

Do you work in your own shadow when you are cooking or washing up? Use a two-way adaptor to run a light from the central ceiling socket to a point over the working area. Better still, fix a curtain track to the ceiling and hang your light from a runner. Then you can pull it across to the spot where you need it.

Have you squeaking floorboards or stair treads? One or two stout nails in the right place will silence them for ever.

Does your hall light fitting leave the stairs in gloom? For safety's sake fit a lighter shade, plug in a more powerful lamp or add a wall fitting on the staircase. Many home accidents are due to ill-lit stairs.

Is your dining-room cramped? Try placing the table off-centre or against a wall.

Putting your guests at ease

Do you have non-spill ashtrays and are there enough of them? Choose those which hold the ash instead of displaying it.

Do you have enough fireside tables or do visitors have to juggle with cups and glasses? Making little tables with prefabricated legs is absurdly easy. You could make all you need in a Saturday afternoon.

Do you have waste-paper baskets in every room and are they the kind which let pencil shavings filter through the bottom? Line open basketwork with stiff paper, cardboard or plastic fabric.

Finally, do you know where to put your hand on brown paper, string, sealing wax, adhesive tape, liquid glue, drawing-pins or elastic bands? If not, go out and buy the lot today and set aside a drawer for them. But don't tell the family about the drawer. They will discover it for themselves soon enough.

Introducing a great new John Bull Feature for Home-lovers

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

by Roger Smithells

Britain's foremost expert presents the first of a sparkling series packed with practical ideas

"I like designing things," says Smithells. His hobby is finding ways to improve his own home

Comfort and Commonsense

It is good to look pleasant, even better to be so. This is as true of houses as of people. You can make a house look pleasant with lordly fabrics, stylish furniture and clever colour schemes. But to be pleasant it must also be cosy, serviceable, sensibly arranged, comfortable.

In later issues of JOHN BULL I shall bring you news about furniture, fabrics, new wallpapers and paints and the latest ideas for using them. I shall report on jobs I am tackling in my own home and pass on some of the tips I have learned in our many home-making adventures.

We shall consider, too, such thorny matters as good taste and doing-the-right-thing about which I think many people worry too much. But this week I want to think about comfort which matters more, I suppose, than anything else in your home.

Comfort is not a matter of deep upholstery. It is made up of a hundred trifles—good light in the right place, freedom from draughts, plenty of storage space, room to stride about or do slimming exercises—practical things which have nothing to do with going contemporary or keeping up with the Joneses. A flair for comfort is more precious than a flair for colour.

Visitors find the faults

It is astonishing how uncomfortable other people manage to be. *Why do they put up with it?* you wonder, as you squeeze past a huge sideboard to reach your seat at a friend's table or perform an S bend to bring your face down to the level of the bathroom mirror. In fact, your friends have ceased to notice these tiresome details. It is the visitor who suffers.

We all develop these blind spots about our homes. The faults which the visitor notices are often ridiculously easy to remedy. We put up with them from sheer habit. Having furnished and decorated in a spurt of enthusiasm, we accept the results, more or less unchanged, for years. But a successful home is made by trial and error. Changes and experiments may be needed to achieve the best arrangement of each room. Half the fun of home-making is the fact that it is never finished.

Do you ever try to look at your home as though you had never seen it before? If imagination jibs at this feat, try seeing your rooms through the eyes of your friends. Seek their opinion and don't be offended if you get it.

Comfort is largely a matter of common sense. There must, for example, be a clear space round the sitting-room fire for easy chairs and settees. Writing-tables and dressing-tables must be placed in good light. It must be possible to look at bookshelves without peering in dark corners or going down on all fours.

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The cheerful yellow of the front door

. . . was carried into the entrance hall

. . . and up the stairs to the landing

Talking of Colour

They Wanted a Yellow Front Door

Every colour scheme must start somewhere. Here is the story of a young couple who planned their decorations round a favourite colour and a treasured teapot

Take a teapot . . .

The sitting-room scheme started with Royle's Patent Self-pouring Teapot (1886) and the grey Accotile floor. The teapot is one of Eve's cherished treasures. It has a pink design on a white pottery ground. So pink, grey and white were the foundations of the scheme. For the chimney breast they chose a polka dot paper which echoed the pink; for the other walls a grey and white stripe. The fluted asbestos surround to the Heal fireplace was finished in heat-resisting grey paint. Printed rayon curtains by David Whitehead repeated pink and grey in stronger tones and added touches of black and yellow.

Now the scheme began to come to life. The notes of black and yellow were picked up in Eve's sewing table; in the Ceri Richards picture above the hearth; in the black, white and grey hearthrug. More deep grey was added in the chair cover; more pink in the cushions. Book jackets added a harlequin note.

So the scheme grew, bit by bit. The result is a room relaxed, casual, easy to live in. For John, Eve and Timmy their house is now a happy home.

* * *

P.S. How does Royle's Patent Self-pouring Teapot work? You pull up the lid, then push it down. Tea gushes from the spout. They had good ideas in 1886.

My nephew John and his wife Eve live in a typical new, semi-detached house. They have just finished decorating it themselves. I think they have made a good job of it. How did they pick their colour schemes?

John and Eve had always wanted a yellow front door. So that is where their colour-scheming began. But at once they were faced with a problem. Their house is built of variegated red brick. Brick reds are too heavy in tone to make a flattering setting for the crisp lemon peel yellow International paint they had chosen for the door. They dodged this difficulty by giving the inner walls and ceiling of the front porch a coat of gleaming white Snowcem cement paint. In this white setting the yellow door shines out bravely with a hint of sunshine even on grey autumn days.

A final touch of brilliance

The yellow front door opens into the compact hall shown in the middle picture on the left. To carry the lemon peel theme inside the house, John and Eve decided to paint the staircase wall in an emulsion paint of the same colour, with white woodwork and a grey staircarpet to set it off. To avoid an excess of yellow the rest of the hall was papered in pale grey. A red Accotile floor added warmth to the scheme. An old-fashioned wicker chair, bought for five shillings at a sale, painted in bright red Valspar and cushioned with a David Whitehead fabric, gave a final touch of brilliance. You see the chair peeping round the door in the picture where my nephew, Timmy, is having a whale of a time hurling his toys around and himself adding an agreeable colour-note to the scene. Indoor gardeners puzzled by the plant at the foot of the stairs may like to know that it is an avocado pear tree, home-grown from a stone.

Brightening up the dull spots

The bottom picture shows the landing, often the dullest spot in the house, but here enlivened by a wallpaper (Crown 47330) with a pattern which echoes the yellow, grey, black and white of the whole hall and landing scheme. The yellow is picked up again in the plain Gaymod repp curtains and in the coat of Valspar paint which has turned another old chair into a decorative asset. Dove-grey emulsion paint on the balustrade repeats the grey of the carpet. The black handrail brings the scheme to life.

So John and Eve have got their yellow front door and from that first bold note of colour they have built a scheme which fills the house with its cheerful glow.

The colour scheme for their sitting-room, shown and described above, was built up in a rather different way. But this, too, started with a single colour-note. If you are planning a whole room from scratch this device of building round a chosen colour is a practical method. Having chosen your favourite colour there are many ways of using it and of selecting the colours to go with it. Next week I shall describe two ways of tackling this problem.

ROGER SMITHELLS

Make the most of that recess

In their sitting-room (above) John and Eve built bookshelves into the recesses beside the chimney breast. Here are four more ideas for making the most of this fireside space with home-made shelf fitments.

MAKE A WRITING TABLE from a broad shelf with narrower shelves above for stationery and books against a bright wall.

MAKE A DISPLAY CORNER for glass and plants with glass shelves illuminated from lamps masked by a curved pelmet.

MAKE SLOPING RACKS for magazines and newspapers with shelves above for pottery, plants, and a display of treasures.

MAKE BANQUETTE SEATS from low shelves cushioned with latex foam. Light the recesses with hidden flame-tinted lamps.

Keep warm this winter

STOP THOSE DRAUGHTS

DRAUGHTPROOFING would be easy if we could seal off our houses completely and go into hibernation like hedgehogs. But human beings need air to breathe. Controlled ventilation must still be possible. Ideally the air in a room should change itself one and a half times an hour. In fact, in a fair wind, the draughts through cracks and crevices in a single window can double this rate of air change.

DETECTION

The most common places for draughts are round doors and windows. Window frames, particularly in old houses, tend to shrink, leaving gaps through which cold air is sucked in. Doors usually have a gap underneath them to accommodate carpets or rugs. Less noticeable are draughts under skirtings, through floorboards, between window frames and walls where shrinkage has occurred, and round window panes where putty has cracked or fallen off.

A good way of detecting less obvious draughts is to run a lighted match, taper or cigarette round likely areas. If the flame flickers or the cigarette glows more brightly it is a sure sign that there is an unwanted current of air.

ARREST

Professional draughtproofing will cost you upwards of £5 a door, but you can do the job yourself with reasonable efficiency for a modest outlay. Choose from this list of products a draughtproofing method to suit your problems and budget.

ILL-FITTING DOORS AND WINDOWS

Bronze Weatherstrip. This springy phosphor-bronze strip, which is fixed round the edges or frames of windows and doors, is a lasting cure for draughts in these places. It is invisible in use. There are several bronze strips on the market, which an experienced handyman can fit, at a cost from 7s. 6d. for an average door. The strip is tacked to the side of the door or window frames. A channel in the metal ensures that a flange sticks out slightly from the frame and makes contact with the door or window when shut. It is important to adjust this flange so that it presses lightly against the side of the door or window at all points.

Sash windows, which present a considerable draughtproofing problem, can be proofed with this strip down the sides, as well as the top, bottom and meeting rail.

There is a new clip-on strip for metal windows, which can be fixed by anyone in a few minutes. Called Combat, it costs 12s. 11d. for a standard metal window of about 5 ft. by 18 in.

Flat-flanged rubber piping. This is a cheaper and easier method: the cost for an average door is 4s. 6d. The piping is tacked round the edge of the door or window. It is visible in use, but is made in several colours so you can match it to your paintwork.

Plastic foam strip. This is the easiest and cheapest method of all. Stick-a-seal self-adhesive strip costs 4s. 11d. for a twenty-foot roll. Limpit strip, 2s. 6d. or 2s. 11d. for sixteen and a half feet, according to thickness—enough for an average door. This treatment may not last longer than one winter, but is so cheap that it is easily replaced for the next. To fit it, remove the protective backing and press the strip on to the surfaces against which doors or windows close. This strip can be used at the top and bottom of sash windows, but not on the sliding surfaces. If you are applying it to metal windows use the new, felt-faced type.

GAPS UNDER DOORS

Attached to the door. The neatest and most effective under-door device is the Autoseal, which costs about 30s. and is fitted to the underside of the door. It has a self-adjusting flexible flap which seals the gap when the door is closed. Another efficient fitting, the Champion draught excluder, is a wooden bar, which is screwed to the face of the door. This has a trigger-operated flap which makes contact with the floor when the door is shut. In various sizes, it costs from 9s.

Attached to the floor underneath the door. The Unda-Door plastic foam excluder which is screwed to the floor and presses against the door when shut, and the Easy-to-Fit wooden threshhold excluder which incorporates a strip of phosphor bronze against which the door closes. The Unda-Door costs 12s. 6d., the Easy-to-Fit 9s. 6d.

Sandbags. For garden doors or french windows, which are seldom used in winter, the old-fashioned sausage of felt filled with sand is still a practical draught excluder.

UNDER SKIRTINGS

Beading. Nail quarter-round wooden beading to the floor round the skirting.

BETWEEN FLOORBOARDS

Sealing strip. Fill odd gaps between floorboards, if not too wide, with Bostik sealing strip. This costs 2s. 6d. a packet, containing five yards of preformed strip.

Papier-mâché. For wider cracks. Make this of newspaper soaked in a weak solution of Polycell wallpaper adhesive and kneaded into a dough. When dry, stain it to match the floor.

Wooden fillets. A more lasting method is to use wooden fillets hammered between the boards. These can also be stained to match the floor and are practically invisible when fitted.

Fitted floor coverings. If the budget will stretch to linoleum, hardboard, felt or carpeting, this is the best way to stop draughts between boards.

FAULTY WINDOW FRAMES

Sealing strip. Fill cracks between frames and masonry with Bostik sealing strip, which does not shrink or weather. This can also be used to replace lost putty.

Last-minute check-ups: Letterbox and keyholes. Simple cures: a rubber flap and plastic or metal keyhole covers.

Next week we'll tell you how to reduce the warm air escaping from your house by installing do-it-yourself insulation.

PENELOPE STEANE

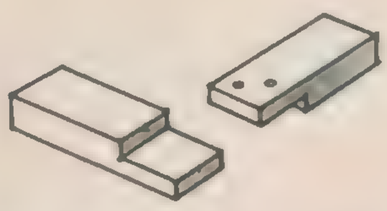
Here is Number One of a series of guides for handymen which will appear in JOHN BULL every week

KEEP THIS

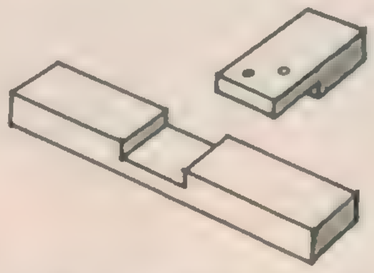
Handyman Guide 1

SIMPLE WOOD JOINTS

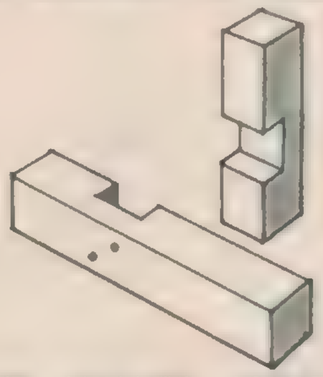
Here are six basic joints which we shall use in home-made fitments and furniture to be described in later issues. All these joints should be glued together as well as nailed or screwed.



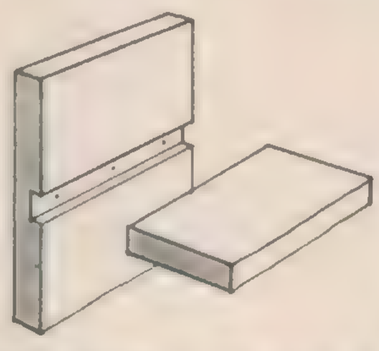
HALVED JOINT. A corner joint for two lengths of flat framing. Remove a half-section of each member with two saw cuts—one down and one across. Adjust inaccuracies with a chisel.



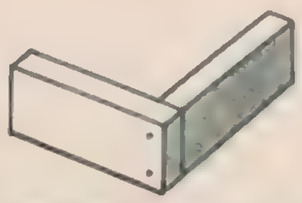
HALVED T JOINT. Another joint for flat framing where two sections meet in T formation. For the cross section make two saw cuts and chisel away the wood between.



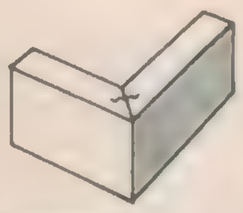
CROSS HALVED JOINT. A further variation for use where two members of the frame cross. Cut both sections with saw and chisel as for the cross section of the halved T joint.



HOUSED JOINT. A neat joint for fixing shelves. Make two saw cuts in the upright and chisel away the wood between them to make a channel into which the shelf is glued and nailed.



BUTT JOINT. No cutting here—just nails and glue. Adequate for sides of a box or tray type of construction with a rigid bottom. Butt joints can be strengthened by corner blocks of wood glued and pinned into the angle.



MITRED JOINT. Serves the same purposes as a butt joint but looks much neater. To cut, use a mitre block which holds the saw at the correct angle. Fix with glue and hammer in corrugated fasteners across the joint.

WORTH NOTING

● Don't bother to open a new tin of paint for a small job. Magicote, the new non-drip jelly paint, is now available in tubes for just this purpose. Magicote does not drip, is easy to apply, and needs only one coat—even if you are painting white over black. Tubes containing enough paint for an average door cost 4s. 6d. each from your local paint dealer.

● Keep putty soft and workable by storing it in a polythene bag, which retains moisture. If the putty has become hard, soften it by kneading in a little linseed oil.

● Before painting stairs or skirtings, press a little putty into each corner, to stop dust collecting. Or use "Dustics," triangular flexible plastic corner-pieces, which are fixed with one pin and shape themselves to the corner. Buy "Dustics" from your local ironmonger, for 3s. 0d. a packet of twenty-six, or direct from Harper, Lee and Co., Ltd., 31 Church Street, Edmonton, London, N.9.

● If you have to put a patch on your patterned wallpaper, don't cut but *tear* out the necessary piece. When it is stuck on, you will not notice the joins.

● After painting woodwork in your house, keep a little left-over paint in an old nail-varnish bottle. This will be useful for retouching scratches or chips—the little brush in the stopper is just the right size for the job.

● Latest labour-savers: ready-made drip-dry net curtains, made in six different lengths. All you have to do is push a curtain rod through the hem at the top and hang them. Made by Supalon Ltd., 238/9 Tottenham Court Road, London, their price ranges from 5s. 6d. to 21s. 6d. according to size and pattern.

● Curtains first begin to fade on the inside edges, which are exposed to the sun when they are drawn back. To double their lives, switch sides so that the other edge is exposed. When they become badly faded, sew wide borders down the edges—in some plain contrasting colour and material, or a wide braid or ribbon.

● You can now make your own Venetian blinds, and save about half the cost of ready-made ones, by using one of the new "Sunvene" kits. These consist of slats, webbing, cords and screws in sizes to fit your windows. Complete instructions are included. A blind for a window 4 ft. square would cost about £4 10s.: one for a window 10 ft. by 5 ft. would cost about £10 0s.

● When painting the outside of your house, damp the surrounding earth. This will reduce dust blowing on to newly painted surfaces.

CAN I HELP?

I like to hear about other people's homes. If you have ideas to share with other readers please send them to me, with photographs or rough drawings where possible. If you have a home-making problem I shall be glad to help you if you will write to me, Roger Smithells, c/o JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply.

Piloted planes saved us in 1940. Now we don't need them, says Duncan Sandys. In Battle of Britain Week we present a candid report on . . .

The man who shot down the last of The Few

ON and on the meeting dragged. Duncan Sandys, Her Majesty's Minister of Defence, had called it for 8 p.m. Since then, he had asked questions, got his experts to argue against each other, made his decisions and roughly drafted clauses of the Bill he was working on. Now it was past midnight and the meeting showed no signs of coming to an end.

Yawning, an elderly civil servant whispered to his neighbour: "I can't last out much longer. In fact, I've been to sleep twice already. If you see me nodding off again, give me a jog, will you?" What seemed hours later, he awoke with a start. The minister, brisk as ever, was discussing the next item on the agenda.

Wherever he has gone, Sandys has kept the lights burning far into the night. He is relentless in his pursuit of power. Not naturally brilliant, he is a supreme example of the tortoise overtaking the more gifted hares around him. While others rely on inspiration, he puts his faith in hard work. "Where a thing is important," he says, "the detail's important."

HIGH civil servants are wrung dry as he puts himself in the picture with ceaseless questioning.

Others have accused him of "doing work a clerk should do," and a top executive has said: "We've never had a minister before who not only read every scrap of paper which left the building, but altered it. To be honest, we have to admit his alterations are invariably an improvement."

Civil servants would perhaps be less critical if Sandys showed himself grateful for their efforts, but he does not expect gratitude himself and rarely thanks others.

One of his officials complained recently. "Three o'clock last night, then four o'clock the night before and two o'clock the night before that. It's worse than hard labour."

A high civil servant wrongly prophesied in 1955: "Thank God the Conservatives will lose the election. I couldn't stand another week of Sandys."

Yet Sandys's passion for detail and his complete indifference to what people think about him have been the making of his political reputation. They have enabled him to carry through a number of highly complicated and controversial measures, any one of which might have brought down a weaker or less thorough man.

As Minister of Supply, he was responsible for the Bill to denationalize steel. After listening politely to each attack of the Opposition, he gave a puzzled frown which seemed to say: "I see your point but . . ." and then, in his flat, unattractive voice went on to refute the argument with a mass of closely worked detail which nearly always showed he knew more about the subject than his opponents.

At the end of the debate Herbert Morrison paid him a generous compliment. "Take the Minister of Transport out to dinner," he suggested, "and give him a lesson in Parliamentary business."

The same grasp of a complicated and controversial subject was also apparent in the Rent Bill, drafted by Sandys when he was Minister of Housing and Local Government.

Privately, even its bitterest opponents admitted that it was a boldly planned attempt to solve an extremely difficult social problem and again he was complimented for the skilful way in which he steered it through the House.

At fifty, Sandys looks much younger than his age. Tall and slim with red hair, green eyes and a square jaw, he

Once he was a diplomat in Berlin, and then an army officer. Ruthless and handsome, he's the Tory women's pin-up boy

The man who shot down the last of The Few

continued from previous page

is handsome and can be charming. Unfortunately, his manner is often cold and, though he denies it, he finds it difficult to see another person's point of view.

Nor do his occasional smiles indicate a sense of humour. "Talking to Sandys," wrote one correspondent, "is like talking to a desk. Sometimes the desk smiles."

On many occasions Sandys has trailed his coat for the Opposition in Parliament. When winding up the debate on the Rent Bill, he said: "It is, I think, fair to say that, taking the country as a whole, we are not very far away from the total amount of accommodation which the nation requires."

Loud cries of "Oh" came from the Labour benches.

Sandys paused. "Do the Hon. Members opposite deny that?"

There were cries of "Yes."

"Are they *sure* they deny it?" said Sandys.

The cries of "Yes" were now slightly puzzled.

Sandys drew himself up. "All right," he said. "Those are not my words." And he repeated them slowly. "That is taken from a speech made in this House by the Right Hon. Member for Ebbw Vale (Aneurin Bevan). Since then, eight hundred thousand more houses have been built."

Sandys's father was a wealthy, pleasure-loving officer in the guards, who was, for a time, a Tory M.P.; his mother a New Zealander of Scottish ancestry with a distaste for sentimentality, which often meant that she was deliberately insensitive with her son, who adored her.

Duncan Sandys was twelve when, in 1920, his parents were divorced. Afterwards he lived with his mother, and his father became a nebulous figure from whom lavish supplies of money came regularly.

Little choice was given him as regards his career. As a wealthy young Briton it had to be Eton and it had to be Oxford. After that—because the boy was bright—"something in the Foreign Office" seemed inevitable.

He took an undistinguished second in history and came fourth in the examination for service with the Foreign Office. As there were only four vacancies this meant that he had just scraped through, although there were forty-six other unsuccessful candidates. This did not impress his mother.

She gave him then, and until she died in 1952, a guilty feeling of having failed her. It was this, say his friends, which was directly responsible for the desire to be pugnacious that makes him go out of his way to invite a fight.

As the Third Secretary of the British Embassy in Berlin, Sandys was soon bored with his job. British foreign policy was at a low ebb and he was seeing at first hand how close Germany was to becoming a Communist state. Whitehall was doing nothing to counteract it.

The result on a young, impressionable and impatient mind was unfortunate. He found things to admire in the Nazi Party.

"The obvious blessings of National Socialism are so little appreciated and so little discussed abroad," he said in 1936. But Sandys did not fall for the flamboyancies of Hitler.

"The only time I might have spoken to Hitler," he recalls, "I fell asleep."

The occasion was one of those enormous rallies designed to intimidate the world. Foreign representatives were invited and had, in duty, to attend. Unfortunately, Sandys, bored by the preliminary speeches, the marching displays and the dragooned recital of "Sieg Heil" before the leading character arrived, fell asleep on the dais to the side of the rostrum in full view of platoons of the Hitler Youth and Storm Troopers.

Sandys's brief admiration of National Socialism was symptomatic of his impatience with the dilly-dally, *laissez faire* attitude of the democratic governments. For the same reason he was, for a time, pro-Franco and then as violently anti-Franco. He also sponsored the claims of the Jarrow hunger marchers.

Exasperated with the ivory tower atmosphere of the Foreign Office, he resigned and hurled himself enthusiastically into politics.

Sandys was adopted as Tory candidate for Norwood. His most dangerous opponent was an independent Conservative candidate sponsored by Randolph Churchill. The battle was bitter. Randolph Churchill called Sandys "a political centipede with a foot on every fence."

An equally vigorous speaker on the opponent's platform was Mr. Winston Churchill's attractive, red-haired daughter, Diana. She and Duncan Sandys met frequently during the campaign and argued fiercely over politics.

Sandys won the seat easily, but he found it impossible to forget the pretty girl who had championed his opponent.

After Diana's previous marriage had been dissolved, she became Mrs. Duncan Sandys in July, 1935. The two redheads were demonstratively and ecstatically in love. Friends said: "We daren't enter a room without knocking—it's too embarrassing."

The Sandys continued, however, to be starry-eyed over each other and to make their friends blush. A son, to be christened Julian, was born a year later, and he was followed by two girls, Edwina and Celia. Sandys and his wife separated in 1956, and he now lives alone in a house in Vincent Square.

On the outbreak of war, Sandys was called up with the Territorials and by 1940 was in command of an A.A. regiment sent to Norway. There he saw proof enough of all his fears about the inadequacy of equipment, as his men crouched helpless while Stukas and Dorniers bombed them as if on an exercise.

Back in Britain, Sandys rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His unit was equipped with new hush-hush rocket missiles designed to drop trailing wires fastened on parachutes in the path of Nazi bombers. He was in the South Wales area protecting Cardiff during the fire blitz of March, 1941.

"The colonel was like a fanatic," one of his gunners recalls. "He drove us hard. No sleep at nights and not much in the day as he made us shift around in readiness for the next night. But he didn't seem to sleep at all."

Actually Sandys used to sleep in the command car, snatching rest between calls at gunsites. His driver also fell asleep and the car crashed. Sandys suffered broken legs and a broken back.

The car crash put paid to his military career. But his father-in-law, Churchill, gave him a job as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply.

Churchill wanted a restless, ruthless man who would ride rough-shod over obstructionists and slash red tape.

Sandys, with memories of the museum pieces of his Territorial days and the absence of equipment in Norway, saw his post as one in which he could produce supplies worthy of the bravery of the men who had to use them.

His first battle with the Prime Minister came in 1943. In the spring of that year reconnaissance planes brought back photographs of the island of Peenemunde with cigar-shaped objects lying around among the sand dunes.

Sandys, asked to study them, was told by agents that they could be self-propelled missiles. Remembering the German experiments with mail service rockets which had taken place when he was at the Berlin Embassy, he agreed with this view.

Other influential voices in the government scoffed: one suggested that the "missiles" were gas mains.

The wrangle continued throughout the summer. Sandys stuck to his view and by sheer persistence won over some of the chiefs of Bomber Command.

By August, when the Polish underground had brought irrefutable evidence that such experiments with new weapons were going on, the "Sandys Prang" was ready. Six hundred bombers tore Peenemunde to pieces. Hitler's V-weapon programme was delayed by at least six months.

After Sandys lost his seat in the 1945 election he threw himself wholeheartedly into the Council of Europe movement.

Back in Parliament with the return of the Conservative government in 1951, Sandys launched himself seriously on the ladder towards the political summit. Nobody can tell what ambitions lie behind that imperturbable reserve, but there are only two positions high enough—Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister.

There will be tremendous opposition in the Conservative Party to his gaining either.

Television has been a help to Sandys where it has been a definite hindrance to many other politicians. He comes over on the screen as having both personality and glamour.

"He is, in fact, rapidly becoming a pin-up boy," a Tory Central Office agent says gleefully. "Especially of the women's organizations."

Duncan Sandys is a skilled amateur conjurer. He has been a member of the Magic Circle for years. Though his repertoire is varied, the trick in which he takes most pride is peculiarly apt for the man who has been charged with cutting the armed forces. It is sawing people in half.

His operations in Whitehall have been greeted with less enthusiasm. Since he assumed office in January, 1957, he has become the most controversial Minister of Defence that Britain has ever had.

Laying down in his first White Paper that Britain must rely for her defence on the nuclear deterrent, and that there was no means of protecting the bulk of the population from nuclear attack, he drew the logical conclusion that only a few fighters would be needed to defend the bomber airfields. Later, even these would be replaced by ground-to-air missiles.

Sir Frank Briggs, managing director of the Hawker Siddeley group, said he thought the change-over to guided missiles was being made too quickly and too viciously.

Since then opposition to Sandys's policy has grown steadily. Recently Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, Chief of Air Staff, broke with normal service etiquette and argued against his chief in public.

Antony Head, a former Defence Minister, revealed in Parliament that before Sandys came army chiefs had insisted that 200,000 was the minimum number of men required. Now they had reduced it to 165,000. This, he said, would leave only 13,000 troops to cover Cyprus, the Middle East, the Persian Gulf, Kenya and Central Africa, Singapore and Hongkong.

If Head's figures are correct, the task is hopeless. In particular, it means that Britain, faced with a local conflict, may well find herself faced with the choice of accepting defeat or using the atom bomb.

Although a policy which both threatens his staff's jobs and conflicts with their professional opinion was bound to arouse opposition, it would perhaps have been less bitter if Sandys had been personally more popular with his colleagues. But from the beginning his pursuit of personal power has been unrelenting.

Against Sandys's chance of residing in 10 Downing Street, where he has sat so often until the small hours with his father-in-law, is his unpopularity with his own sex. Some of this is a result of jealousy; most of it is because he appears to antagonize deliberately those who would, if he let them, be his friends.

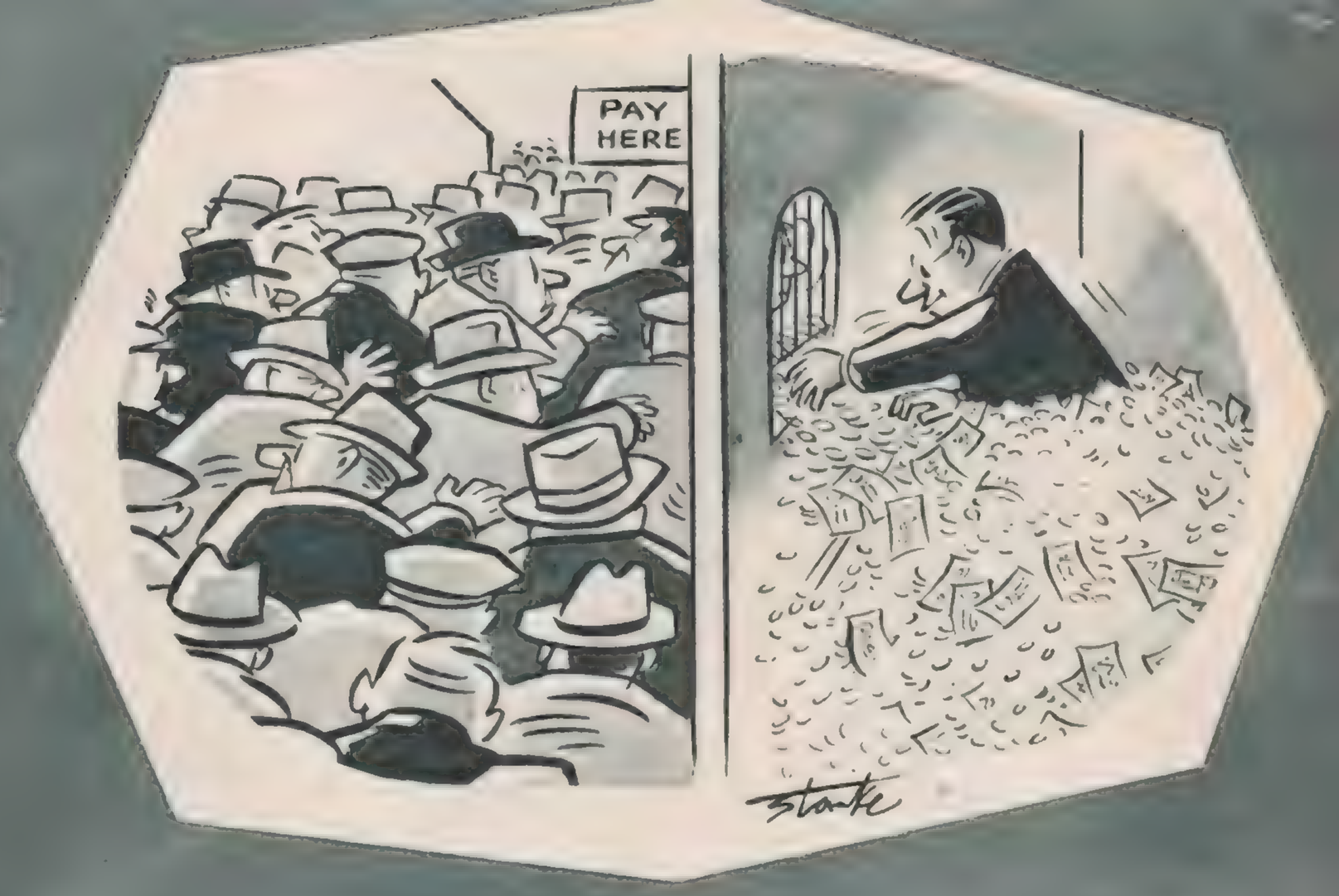
Worse still, the opposition in some sections of the party to his defence policy is still growing.

A veteran Labour back bencher, who has watched ministers come and go for thirty years, summed up the future of Duncan Sandys: "He's not brilliant, but he knows where he wants to go, and usually takes good care to get there. . . ."

THE END

Sandys and his wife Diana, a daughter of Sir Winston Churchill's, separated in 1956. They came together again for the coming-out party of their daughter Edwina (left), the first Churchill grandchild to be launched on London. Also with the Sandys is their daughter Celia

There's money in soccer . . . but who gets it?



Now there's prosperity for players, comfort for the spectator and even crèches for babies.

One thing is missing—better play

by FRANCIS HITCHING

FOOTBALL is getting rich. Silver is flooding over the turnstiles of grounds all over the country, and a great deal of it is being ploughed straight back into the game. Last year many clubs made more money than ever before, among them Manchester United, whose profit of £97,957 is the biggest in the history of British soccer.

The league champions, Wolverhampton Wanderers, for example, are spending half a million pounds to turn their ground at Molyneux into the most

Costs are high, but the top clubs show handsome profits . . .

lavish stadium in Europe. The Wolves' profit last year was £20,000.

For most British clubs soccer is richer now than at any time since the war. In the ninety-two league clubs, income from all sources except transfers in 1955-56 was £3,300,000. Last season it rose to £4,700,000. The huge increase has four causes.

Entertainments tax was removed in April, 1957. It was worth more than £1 million to the league clubs.

Last season four hundred football supporters' clubs raised £500,000, which is more than double the previous season's total. They were able to do this because of the 1956 Lotteries Act, which allows any supporters' club to give away £15,000 a year from lotteries. Several league clubs are being given very nearly this much.

Attendances at football matches rose last season for the first time in nine years. The number of people paying to see league matches was 33,560,000, which is 820,000 more than the year before. The peak year was 1948-49, with 40,640,000. Prewar, the average was 31 million.

FINALLY, this year the Football League decided to apply its copyright over the fixture list. The league is working out a way to charge pools promoters for publication of this list. The charge is likely to be made on a percentage basis.

One-half per cent of the annual pools turnover would yield £350,000. This is regarded as the minimum, and if fixed-odds bookmakers can also be charged the benefit to the league would be around £500,000.

Already there are physical signs of the new prosperity. All but two First Division clubs now have floodlighting, and the two, Blackburn and Nottingham Forest, are installing equipment. More than half of the clubs in the other divisions have floodlighting.

In spite of the high cost of installation (Chelsea's lights cost £40,000), they add to the general prosperity. Wolverhampton made £13,000 last year from floodlit games. Norwich City, in the Third Division South, made more than £1,000 at each of four matches.

Surplus money is being used to improve the football grounds. Accrington Stanley bought the old military tattoo stand from Aldershot and are putting it up on their own ground at a total cost of £10,000. Leyton Orient spent £3,000 last summer putting concrete terraces behind one goal. The club has already spent £40,000 on a stand which will hold three thousand spectators.

Leeds United are spending £90,000 on a stand to replace the one which was burned in 1956. It will hold one-third more people than before and have tip-up seats.

Peterborough United, a non-league club, have already paid half the cost of a £90,000 stand, which they say will be fifty feet longer than Arsenal's when finished. It will incorporate a concert hall which can be hired out by the club.

There are other signs of vigour. Chester have started a crèche at which mothers can leave their children while watching a match. Besides attracting spectators to the ground, it is expected to make £250 profit in a season.

. . . poorer clubs, with the same expenses, fight to pay the bills

Alan Hardaker, the dapper ex-naval commander who is secretary of the Football League, says: "Soccer is shaking itself out of the depression of the fifties."

OFTEN the transformation can be seen most clearly in clubs which for years after the war struggled to keep their books balanced. Mansfield Town, then in the Third Division North, were so badly off in 1955 that they offered to sell any professional footballer on the staff. "We've got to make money somehow," said an official.

Attendances were averaging 6,500, only half the number needed to pay the club's weekly £400 wages and expenses bill. By the end of the season there was a £10,000 gap between income at the turnstiles and expenditure.

But the next season, after a contribution of £21,000 from the local supporters' club, there was a profit of £10,000. In addition, a £10,000 stand was built. Last season the team finished sixth in the division.

In the Third Division South, Norwich City lost £11,000 on the 1956-57 season, but that was nearly offset by £10,000 raised in a series of public appeals. Average gates were 14,000. Last season, with attendances averaging 20,000, there was a profit of £6,000.

The nine years from 1948, when attendances slumped by eight million, emphasized the huge differences in income between the rich and poor clubs. Gate receipts in the past have formed at least three-quarters of a club's income (the remainder being made up of a share in the F.A. Cup pool, and supporters' donations).

Last year, First Division games drew

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There's money in soccer . . . but who gets it?

continued from previous page

an average attendance of 31,300; Second Division games 18,700; Third Division South 11,000; Third Division North 7,800. For Wolverhampton Wanderers there were league match receipts of £74,000, but for Aldershot in the Third Division South, only £22,000.

There is also a spiral of success and failure which exaggerates the gap between prosperity and poverty. Manchester United last season made more than £100,000 from gate receipts in the F.A. Cup—they reached the final—and the European Cup, in which they reached the semi-final. Any F.A. Cup winner nets about £25,000 in extra gate receipts.

DERBY COUNTY, on the other hand, went in three seasons from the First Division to the Third Division North, and found that their annual receipts dropped £8,000 in the process. Some small clubs, such as Accrington Stanley in the north and Millwall in the south, suffer from being near First or Second Division clubs, to whom they lose spectators when an attractive top-class fixture is being played.

The average First Division club has an income of £120,000 a year. A Third Division club is lucky if its income is £30,000 a year.

But expenditure from division to division does not vary nearly so much as income. A wealthy club buys about fifty footballs a year, at £6 each. A poor club has to buy about thirty. There is a minimum of £300 a year for playing kit. The postage, stationery, telephone and telegram bill usually comes to £1,000.

Poor clubs often have the added burden of interest charges on the money which they borrow from banks in order to keep going. For Bradford, in 1956-57, it amounted to £1,750.

This year, too, the creation of the Third and Fourth Divisions, with teams spread throughout the country, is going to increase some smaller clubs' travelling bills. Millwall estimate that expenses will be £1,000 higher.

But by far the largest expenditure in any club's balance sheet is listed under players' wages, bonuses and benefits. Here, again, a Third Division club has to spend far more, proportionate to its income, than a First Division club. Aston Villa, one of the richest clubs, spend £44,000 a year; Fulham, in the Second Division, £30,000; Aldershot, in the Third Division, £20,000.

Nor does the number of professional players in each club vary greatly. Wolverhampton have forty men on the books this year, Millwall twenty-nine. The average is thirty-three.

TRANSFERS tend to redistribute the money between the divisions. Coventry, Third Division, announced in March, 1957, that they were losing £250 a week. But because they sold Reg Matthews, their goalkeeper, to First Division Chelsea for about £22,000, they were able to make a £1,000 profit on the season.

This procedure, along with the unknown amounts of money donated by directors, has been responsible over the years for saving most Third Division North sides from extinction.

The narrow difference in essential expenditure between one club and another is at the heart of Football League policy.

"We all know that if a club is in a big centre of population it can draw large crowds, and must have an advantage over a small town club," says Hardaker. "The league aims to minimize the advantage."

There are three main ways of doing this. No club may pay a dividend of more than five per cent to its shareholders (ninety-one of the ninety-two clubs are limited liability companies), effectively preventing millionaires investing large sums of money in a club and giving it an overwhelming financial advantage. All directors are unpaid, and most clubs never declare a dividend.

The league says that "a reasonable portion" of accommodation at a league match must be available at two shillings. Finally, and probably most important, it limits the wages to be given to any player, so that no club can gain a monopoly of the country's best players by offering exceptional salaries.

"If we relaxed those three conditions," says Hardaker, "there would be good footballers in a dozen clubs, and the rest wouldn't be worth watching."

Certainly, in countries where there is less rigid control, power is concentrated among a few clubs. In Scotland, where shares in football clubs are quoted on the Stock Exchange, one or other of the three richest clubs—Celtic, Glasgow Rangers or Hibernian—has won every league championship but one since the war. In Italy and Spain power is similarly concentrated.

Until now the weakness of the English system has been that football players have not been able to cash in on their money-making possibilities. When John Charles, of Leeds United, was transferred to Juventus in Italy for £65,000 he was given £10,000.

The record transfer in England is £34,000, paid by Sheffield Wednesday to Notts County in 1951 for Jackie Sewell. All he got out of it was the £10 signing-on fee. Nor, in England, could he secure other advantages that star players in Italian football get! John Charles can expect bonuses of £2,000 a year on top of his salary of £2,000, and is free to negotiate a new contract at the end of two years.

NOW English football has moved closer to the Continental system. For the first time for forty years a player may benefit when he is transferred. If he is put on the transfer list because the club wants to make money by selling him—he can be given a cash payment of £300 after he is sold.

There are other signs that the football player is beginning to share soccer's new prosperity. His maximum wage is £20 compared with £12 ten years ago. He qualifies for a benefit of £750 after five years, and £1,000 more five years later. If his club does well in the league championship or the F.A. Cup, he gets talent money (the winning team in either, for instance, shares out £1,100 among its players), and he gets £2 per point gained in the league matches.

If he reaches the standard of representative matches, he earns £50 for an international. Finally, he is given £100 for each year of service when he retires.

"A good player earns £2,000 a year directly from soccer," says Hardaker. "If he is so well known that he is wanted to advertise products, or to appear on television or write for newspapers, he can easily double that."

But, in spite of all the grandstands which are being built, there is still one unanswered question: will more money improve the standard of play? Brazil, whose team won the World Cup in Sweden, has a free-for-all money market. The best players earn £5,000 a year.

After the World Cup each player in the international team was given £3,000. (True to pattern, all players in the Brazilian national team were from four home clubs, compared with the eleven English clubs which were represented.)

But Italy and Spain, two of the richest soccer countries in Europe, failed to come through the qualifying rounds and did not compete in Stockholm. Members of the Swedish team—runners-up in the World Cup—are part-time footballers.

One manager puts the situation succinctly: "There's a limited amount of football talent in any country, and more money won't increase it. But more money might mean you can watch bad football in comfort." THE END

BONNIE PRINCE CHALKE

It was the craziest start to a courtship—to dress up as a highwayman and insult the girl's fire-eating father

by CLIVE BURNLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

On the thirteenth of September, in the clear light of a full moon, a fantastic figure strode through the single empty street of the Hampshire village of Browning Cleeve a few minutes before midnight.

The television aerials on the cottage roofs plainly indicated the middle of the twentieth century. Yet this bizarre prowler wore a huge red-plumed hat, a full-skirted coat glittering with sequins, embroidered waistcoat, knee-breeches, white silk stockings and silver-buckled shoes. Thrust through a sash he carried two flintlock duelling pistols, while a sword—somewhat out of period—flapped against his thigh.

It was the beginning of the craziest and most critical period of young Peter Chalke's life.

Peter was an accountant, a young man thought by old Barnstock, his immediate superior, to show great promise. Every working morning at ten he might have been seen entering the palatial offices of the Blackstrewther group in Cornhill, but in very different attire. He was aware that that pre-eminent tycoon, Sir Oscar Blackstrewther, had conservative views on the dignity of high finance. Accordingly, Peter dressed with proper restraint for the City, with dark coat, striped trousers and meticulously folded umbrella.

Was it then simply as a reaction from such dreariness that he affected this fantastic finery for midnight walks?

It was not. Two personal weaknesses of Peter's had combined to place him in a rather extraordinary predicament; the first his inadequate sense of direction and the second his utter inability to understand mechanical things.

A friend of his had that day opened at Brighthaven a restaurant and beach bar called The Smuggler's Retreat. He had asked his guests to appear in costume to grace the gala opening and Peter had responded enthusiastically. A leading theatrical costumier had loaned him one of last year's pantomime outfits. In all this finery he had driven down from London to Brighthaven, arousing much curiosity in traffic blocks.

At The Smuggler's Retreat there were speeches, good wine, good food

The dancers had fallen back at sight of Peter's oddly-garbed figure. "I suppose you *are* real?" said the striking girl in blue

Bonnie Prince Chalke

continued from previous page

and dancing, but Peter had left before the fireworks sizzled out over the sea because the next morning at ten he had to be at his desk in the Blackstrewther offices. He extracted his little soft-top car from the parking crush and pointed it towards London.

Those personal weaknesses now betrayed him. His poor sense of direction allowed him to turn left into an unclassified road at the Loxley roundabout and shortly afterwards he had no idea where he was. And within ten minutes the little convertible suddenly ceased its even purr. Lacking an even rudimentary knowledge of engineering, Peter could do nothing beyond pulling petulantly at the starter and poking around aimlessly with a screwdriver.

There was no help for it. He left the car on the verge and set off in search of help, his braid and sequins sparkling in the light of the moon.

After a while he came into the sleeping village of Browning Cleeve, so dark and silent that it was difficult to believe that people breathed and snored in the brick boxes lining the street. At the end of the hamlet he found a solitary petrol pump standing before a half-timbered cottage; he knocked boldly at the door.

Dogs started barking. A woman threw up a bedroom window, saw him and screamed. Peter quickened his pace and left the village behind. He passed a vast orchard phosphorescent with blossom, mounted a hill, crossed a common. Here he tried to wave down a car, but the driver took one look at the apparition in his headlights and drove on at a reckless pace.

A hundred yards farther on he came to the signpost. In the moonlight he could read quite clearly what it said upon its single arm pointing down a lane winding westward:

MAIDENTOFT PRIORS
MARLOW END
LAPPING

Peter stared at it. He prided himself on his memory. He could always recall detail clearly and confidently, a quality that saved him much time in his work. And so the name Maidentoft Priors worried him. It was very familiar to him. But he could not think why. He had never been in this particular locality before.

This was both intriguing and disturbing. As he could not remember the name in his past, about which he usually forgot nothing, could it possibly have something to do with his future? Was this some sort of premonition? If it were, could he ignore it?

This kind of woolly reasoning eventually persuaded him to follow the signpost. With an odd sense of excitement he took the twisting track to Maidentoft Priors, the bright moon casting his grotesque shadow before him.

Within a few furlongs he found on his left, visible through the layered arms of great cedar trees, lighted windows, large windows; five, six, seven of them. He walked up a sandy drive past smooth lawns and found himself confronted by the dignified palladian façade of a considerable mansion. He saw that two of the lit panels were in fact large glass doors, both ajar, opening on to a terrace; from them came sounds which resolved themselves, as he approached, into a familiar sort of *bonk-bonk* music, juke box stuff.

And then he was close enough to look through the glass and watch those who were dancing. They were young people, ten or twelve couples, in a variety of costumes—jeans and jive-pants as well as evening gowns and tails.

Peter imagined his troubles at an end. These were folk of his own generation who would understand his predicament and help him. They were exactly the same sort of people he had so recently left at Brighthaven, doing the same things. Nobody had screamed at the sight of him at The Smuggler's Retreat and, as he pushed open the glass door and walked into the ballroom, it did not occur to him that his presence would be any more disturbing at Maidentoft Priors.

He was rather at a loss when he found himself in an empty space, the dancers falling back before him.

The music stopped.

"I never dreamed I was psychic," a vivid blonde told her partner. "I suppose it's the wicked earl who hanged himself in the east wing. Or perhaps Dick Turpin. Can you see him too?"

"I just wanted to ask," said Peter, "if I might use the telephone."

Two people separated themselves from the others with something of an air of authority, a young man with a subaltern's moustache who wore tails, and a girl in a long blue dress. The girl had a drape of reddish brown hair swept back over her ears and the kind of eye that has a hint of depths profound—a very striking girl indeed.

"Where did you spring from?" asked the subaltern.

"I'm afraid I just walked in through that door. You see, I was driving up from Brighthaven——"

"In a black carriage driven by a headless coachman, I suppose."

"Let the poor man explain, Lester," said the girl in blue. She turned to Peter. "I suppose you *are* real?" she asked.

She lifted her hand to prod his shoulder appraisingly. But at that moment the band struck up again and Peter chose to regard the gesture as an invitation to the dance. The girl found herself in his arms.

"Now please," said Peter, "let me explain."

"I wish you would," answered the girl. "What is this, a quadrille?"

The subaltern, with a blonde in jeans on his arm, intervened.

"Now look here, Bonnie Prince Charlie," he said. "I'm an easy-going sort of fellow but when a gentleman slaps my partner three times on quite the fullest curve she has with the flat of his sword it's time to choose your weapons."

"I'm terribly sorry," said Peter. "I——"

"Well, take the damn thing off," said Lester. "You're mowing us down right and left."

"You'd better come over here and sit down," said the girl. "My name is Sally. You can tell me all about it so that I can decide whether to call the police or the mental hospital or one of the best professional mediums."

The rest of the party seemed quite content to leave it to Sally.

"It's rather a long story," said Peter, and proceeded to tell it.

"Not so much a long story," Sally commented, when he had finished, "as a loopy one. But on the whole I think I believe you. All except that bit about being hypnotized by a name on a signpost. That's too fancy."

"Not really," said Peter. "It is a magic name. And now I've met you, I know why."

"I suppose you think," said the girl, "that a slap-handed sort of gallantry goes with those clothes of yours. I'm not sure that I appreciate it. But come with me; I'll lead you to a telephone."

It was a very large house. She led him through long carpeted corridors to regions where the sounds of the dance were quite inaudible, before showing him into a small panelled apartment where a cream telephone stood upon an occasional table. She advised him to ring Lapping 57 and ask for Joe, saying Miss Sally had recommended him; Joe would come out of bed and fix it. Then, after suggesting he help himself to a glass of whisky, she left him alone to make his call.

When Peter lifted the receiver he heard a gruff and masculine voice muttering something unintelligible in his ears; it was very annoying, at this time of night.

"Please get off the line," he said.

"What? Who's that?" said the voice sharply. "I'm using this line. Put your receiver down, damn you!"

Peter had had a rather trying evening and his usual courtesy was lacking. "Don't swear at me!" he said sharply. "Clear the line. This is an urgent call. Exchange, exchange!" He began jigging the receiver rest. "I've got a crossed line. Some damned old fool is swearing at me all the time. Get me Lapping 57."

He did not understand that the silence that followed was an ominous one. He took it that some casual inattention by a sleepy telephonist had resulted in his being mistakenly connected with some subscriber in the next village, or the next county.

It did not occur to him that the man with the gruff voice and the dictatorial manner might actually be in Maidentoft Priors itself.

The man with the gruff voice came heavy-footed into the room just as Lapping 57 answered, but Peter did not at once look up; not until a podgy hand came down in front of his eyes and cut him off. Then he rose angrily and swung round.

"Now look here——"

He said no more; he sat down again, quickly and limply. He knew now—much too late—why the name Maidentoft Priors had meant so much to him. How on earth could he ever have forgotten it, even for a second? He'd heard the name a hundred times, in London, in the office. He'd heard it from men who drew directors' fees; they spoke of ringing Maidentoft, of waiting to hear from Maidentoft, of being summoned to Maidentoft. Sometimes they simply said that *he* was at Maidentoft—as he was now, angrily confronting Peter, a black-browed chunk of a man with a solid jowl and a balding cranium.

It was indeed Sir Oscar Blackstrewther himself, as impeccably dressed as in Cornhill, staring at Peter, embroidered waistcoat, buckled shoes, sword and all, with a mixture of rage and wild amazement.

"Good God!" he said. "And what the devil are you supposed to be?"

Peter was momentarily at a loss for words.

"But perhaps it's the height of fashion on your street corner," went on Sir Oscar, enunciating his words with some difficulty. "I believe you are the young man who referred to me a few moments ago as a damned old fool. You wanted to speak to Lapping so urgently that you cut off my call to Copenhagen. May I ask what the emergency can possibly be? Do you want the police or an ambulance, or is there a fire somewhere?"

"I'm terribly sorry, sir," said Peter. "It's all a mistake. You see, my car broke down and——"

"I understand," said Sir Oscar. "My conversation with Copenhagen concerned a matter which affected the livelihood of some tens of thousands of people and to a great degree the financial stability of the entire kingdom of Denmark; but, of course, if your car breaks down, we mustn't consider trifles of that sort, must we? I suppose you must be a guest of either my son or my daughter and therefore the ordinary laws of hospitality prevent my having you thrown out as you deserve. So I merely say that I find you rude, impertinent and——"

"But I had no idea——"

Sir Oscar suddenly stabbed out a forefinger within an inch of Peter's nose.

"I've seen you before."

"Oh, no," protested Peter. "No. I'm sure you haven't."

Sir Oscar's colour deepened. "Why, good God!" he said. "I know. You're in the office. Cornhill. That's it. Young fellow in Barnstock's department. You went off with the lift last week and left me stranded on the third floor. That's who you are!"

There was no point in denying it

ABSENCE—1

Judicious absence is a weapon.

Charles Reade

so Peter reluctantly gave his name.

"I didn't know anybody from the office was here," said Sir Oscar. "I'm not sure I approve. Who invited you?"

"I wasn't invited, sir. I keep trying to tell you—my car broke down while I was on my way back to London and I simply came here to ask if I could use the telephone. I hadn't any idea at all who lived here."

"No?" said Sir Oscar. "You hadn't, eh? The whole thing's rather curious. The road outside doesn't lead to London from anywhere, except, of course, from here. You just happen to be employed in my office and your car just happens to break down outside my door and you just happen to be about the only person in Cornhill, including the liftboy, who doesn't know my address. Astonishing; almost as astonishing as the sort of clothes you wear for midnight driving. Come now, you'd better be frank. What's your game?"

"But I assure you," Peter protested. "I——"

"I tell you what I think," said the financier. "I think you're cuckoo. You sit all day at your desk and dream of being chairman of the board of directors. But nobody ever notices you. So you deck yourself up like a pearly king and crash in here with some cock-and-bull story to make a sensation."

"Rubbish!" cried Peter, stung into indiscreet anger. "If you believe that, I can only say you're a bigger damned old fool than I called you on the telephone. I——"

"That's enough!" roared Sir Oscar. "There's no room on my staff for psychopaths. Cheese, you're fired. See the cashier in the morning and collect a month's salary in lieu of notice."

"The name is Chalke," answered Peter. "And, in any case, I couldn't possibly pretend any loyalty for a man who——"

"Now whatever's the matter?" cried Sally, re-entering the room. "Father, what's happened?"

BRIEFLY, Sir Oscar told her. Peter told her whenever he could manage to speak. Sally looked from one to another in growing bewilderment.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Sir Oscar suddenly, as if he had remembered an urgent appointment. "It's nearly two. I must go. Look, Sally, ring for Meadows and keep this fellow here until I come back. He'll have to be searched before he goes."

With this astonishing comment, Sir Oscar left the room in haste.

"It's all my fault," said Peter miserably. "Why on earth couldn't I remember what Maidentoft meant? If I had, I wouldn't have come within a mile of it."

"That might have been a pity," answered Sally. "After all, you did say a little while ago that you thought the name was magical for quite a different reason."

"When I said that," replied Peter, "I didn't quite realize that I was an unemployed white-collar worker speaking to a tycoon's daughter. Perhaps you'll be kind enough to overlook it."

"Perhaps my father was right," said Sally. "You aren't really executive material. I'm sure Dick Whittington had more guts. You are beginning to disappoint me."

"You'd better be careful," Peter said warningly. "I haven't anything else to lose, you know. I've lost my way, lost my car, lost my job. And if you continue to sit on the edge of that table swinging your legs and making provocative remarks, I'll very likely lose my head as well."

"Well, somebody has to maintain the Blackstrewther reputation for hospitality," she said.

After he had kissed her she pushed him away gently.

"I think that really does prove you aren't a disembodied spirit. I had just a lingering doubt. Do you look very drab in a lounge suit?"

"Cheese!" said Sir Oscar, charging back into the room.

"The name is Chalke."

"Do you know where I can get hold of Mr. Barnstock, *now*?"

"He'll be in his bed at Wimbledon."

"There's no reply from his private

In short

They're All Nice Neighbours

I'm sure you won't regret buying this house. And I know you'll like the neighbours.

I'm sure we shall, Mrs. Brown. What are they like?

Well, next door are the Fosters and their four daughters. The girls are a bit of a bother sometimes with their hair dryer, but we had an arrangement with them that they wouldn't switch it on during our favourite programmes, like *Six-Five Special*. They try to keep it for party broadcasts and the brains trust and that sort of thing.

That suits us very well.

We used to have trouble with them late at night. Their boy friends brought them home in cars and kissed them with the engine running, and of course that spoiled reception, too. But now they come home much later, after television's finished.

Splendid.

You'll like Mrs. Foster. We always used to lend her *Dog's Digest*.

Really? I'm afraid we don't take it.

Oh dear, she *will* be disappointed.

Perhaps we could order it for her. Who's on the other side?

The Frasers. They're always going on holidays on the Continent. The whole lot of them come home clutching a half-bottle of duty-free gin each. Still, they did give us a bottle last time. Old Mrs. Fraser is quite nice, but you have to watch him. He sometimes throws stones at pigeons in next door gardens.

What about the other neighbours?

Well, next to the Frasers are the Greens. Mrs. Green listens in on the party line and my husband always says "Between you and me and Mrs. Green" when he telephones anybody. But she's quite nice really.

Who lives opposite?

That's Mr. Grant. He'll pop over to ask if he can be of any help, but actually he'll try to get you to join his Fighting Ratepayers' League. Are you a fighting ratepayer?

I'm afraid I usually pay without a struggle.

You'll often see his wife talking to gentlemen in the street. She does polls for television.

And who's in "The Gables" at the corner?

That's Major Barker. He gets furious with people who put tarpaulins over their cars in the front garden, and he once reported somebody for having a lot of dandelions. But I expect you'll get on with him quite well. They're all nice neighbours, really.

E. S. TURNER

Foreign Affairs

Louis Thenault, a life-long resident of Civray, France, celebrated his 100th birthday by touring the town on a motor scooter. Warning him not to travel too fast, his doctor forbade another of his favourite pastimes—climbing trees.

Cassim Bin Osman, a practising medium in Penang, was asked by the police to go into a trance to help trace a missing person. He did so—and talked too freely. Cassim was arrested on a murder charge.

After years of enduring attacks by house dogs when delivering letters in Rutherfordton, North Carolina, Postman J. F. Orders asked for transfer to a rural round. The first morning on it he was attacked by a rattlesnake.

Feeling Low

I drink skim milk, my toast is dry,
For butter is forbidden.
My coffee's black. Do you know why?
Because the cream is hidden.

No salad oils, no gravy juice,
Unless I do some cheating. . . .
My low-fat diet *does* reduce
One thing: the fun of eating.

RICHARD ARMOUR

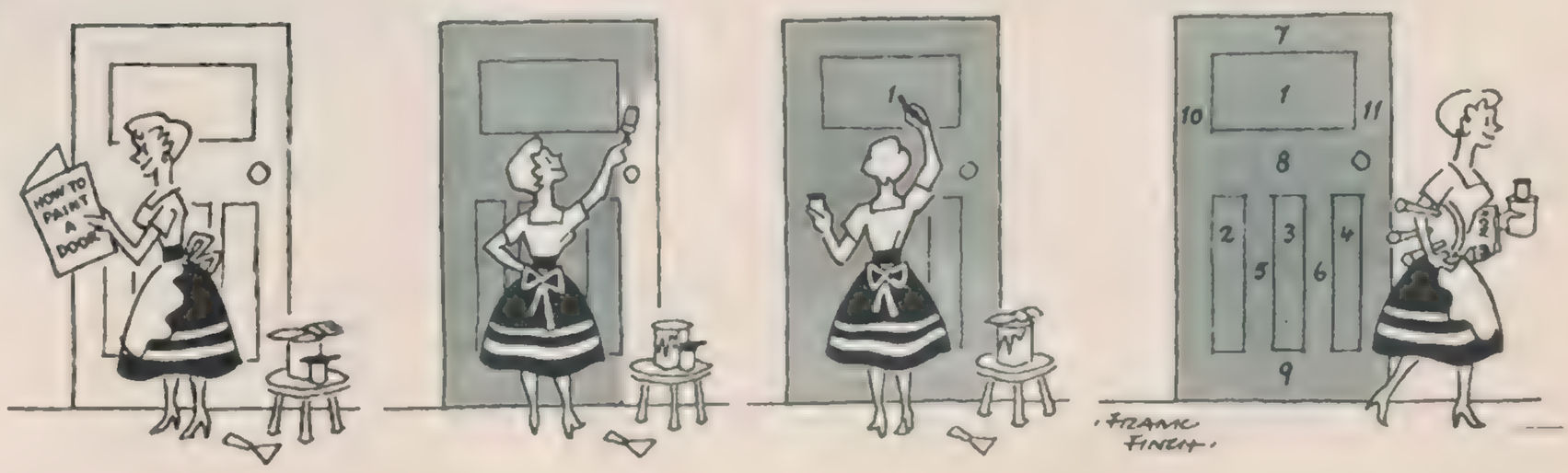
Note From The Head

I am sorry to have to tell you that your son Stanley has again arrived at school with wild animals not included in the programme of the Pets Club. I have already confiscated a rather undersized badger and a stoat.

If I could believe that genuine scientific interest caused his behaviour I might overlook it. I cannot, however, help feeling that he is really interested in gaining the leading position in the club. Boys who can hold their own when expected to box or wrestle turn timid when threatened with the teeth of something that Stanley has dug out from under a hollow tree.

His home is near a zoo and I am afraid that sooner or later he will start poaching from it. The hold he might obtain by the use of foreign mammals is quite terrifying to contemplate. I should greatly appreciate your co-operation in getting him to see the attractions of really tame animals before he begins on poisonous snakes.

R. G. G. PRICE



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Summer

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number. I've already tried three times."

"Then perhaps he's overdone his sleeping-pills."

"Oh, Father," protested Sally, "I do wish you wouldn't have these all-night sessions. I'm sure it'll give you ulcers. Whatever can you possibly want poor Mr. Barnstock for at this time in the morning?"

"It's terribly important," her father said. "I've promised to ring New York before four—that's midnight their time —about an oil proposition. But Curtis can't have put Barnstock's report on it in my brief-case and there are some vital facts I must check before I make a decision. It's a million dollar thing —I can't guess. . . . How long would it take Meadows to drive to London and back? If I rang Jackson, I wonder if he'd know where Barnstock is? I'm sure I told Curtis to put the report in my case. I——"

"Ah, yes," murmured Peter. "The Salvador Oil report. I remember."

"You've heard of it, have you?"

"I rather think I have," said Peter. "You see, I worked until seven on it for three consecutive nights. In a more remunerative job, such as street cleaning, I might have qualified for overtime rates. Oh, yes, I know *all* about Salvador Oil."

"You do?"

PETER grinned. "I wrote that report and I could repeat it word for word," he said confidently. "What did you particularly want to know? Last year's production figures? The restrictions on the Amazonia concessions? The time the Tepoe contract has to run? I could tell you."

"You could? Why, this is miraculous. Come to my study and——"

"Just a moment, Sir Oscar," said Peter. "A short time ago I was summarily dismissed without a character."

"Oh, that. Well, Cheese, if you can do what you claim I'll overlook your behaviour here tonight. You can have your job back."

"My name is Chalke," Peter reminded him. "And I absolutely refuse to take my job back. I don't want it."

"Then what do you want?"

"I want a different sort of job. One with a salary six hundred and fifty pounds above what I have been receiving. There has been a good deal of speculation in the office recently as to who will succeed Barnstock when he retires at the end of the year. It would be good for morale if you ended all doubts by announcing immediately that I am to be his successor."

"Ridiculous!" said Sir Oscar. "Utterly out of the question."

"Oh, very well," said Peter casually, "then I'd better go. I'll see the cashier in the morning and——"

"Chalke," said Sir Oscar fiercely, getting the name right for the first time, "this is blackmail."

"Oh, no, sir—it's business."

"You can't deny he's got a good commercial mind," Sally put in.

There was a long pause.

"Very well," said Sir Oscar at last. "It's a deal. You can have what you want. Now follow me to my study and——"

"In a few moments," said Peter with dignity. "You will remember I have a telephone call to make."

WHEN Sir Oscar had gone, Sally stood looking at Peter with undisguised admiration.

"Quite marvellous," she said. "I don't suppose anybody's stood up to my father like that for years. But you go on up. I'll ring Joe and have your car brought in here."

"That's very kind of you."

"You ought to go a long way in the City," she said.

"Oh, perhaps," he answered. "I might get to the top by sheer merit and hard work. But, do you know—I'd much rather do it by marrying the boss's daughter."

From the smile Sally gave him as he followed Sir Oscar to his study in all his glittering and improbable finery, Peter guessed that even that dizzy possibility might not be so utterly remote. THE END

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DAVID'S PAPERS

by PATRICK WINN

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

For the sake of our friendship I had kept his wife's guilty secret. And now that he was dead I must keep his too

IT was late when I finished going through David's papers. There were not a great many of them, but I lingered from time to time over reminders of things we had shared; on scraps such as the grey suède purse, which gave me an insight into things I had not fully understood. A dead man's papers are very revealing.

One thing was clear. By the time the farm was sold and everything settled up there would be a tidy sum —more than enough to ensure that Paula would be comfortable.

I came to the end in due course and sat back, lighting another pipe, savouring the queerly alive silence of the bush night. I had been living in the city for so long that I had almost forgotten the charm of silence.

It was comfortable and friendly in the little room that David had used as an office, and I was in no hurry to go up to bed.

I had known David for over thirty years, ever since the days before he married, when he was battling to tame the wild tract of scrub country into the solid farm this now was. And sitting there with his papers and things sorted into various piles in front of me I recalled the man.

Everyone in the district had liked David Strang. I don't think a more kindly or gentle man ever lived.

Paula had known that, of course. After the funeral, when I had taken her back to the city to stay with my sister while I did the job I was now doing, she had said quietly: "He was such a *good* man, Bill. He asked so little, and was so completely understanding. . . ."

Well, I could vouch for that. I knew how David had loved Paula, and I remembered the day I first saw her.

HE had left the half-developed farm for a few weeks' break in the city. When I got his letter saying he was on his way back and asking me to meet his train, I turned up without even bothering to put on a clean shirt.

"Well, how's it feel to be back in the scrub, you perishin' loafer?" I said.

He turned to help somebody out of the carriage. A girl. She stood behind

"Help them," Paula moaned. "Get them out." David was holding her tight. He said: "There's nothing more to be done now"

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David's Papers

continued from previous page

him, and he said, smiling: "It feels pretty good." Then he drew the girl forward. "Bill, meet my wife. We were married a week ago in Sydney. Paula, this is Bill Dowd, a mate of mine."

Paula looked up at me as though she was scared I might eat her. And I must have looked a pretty tough customer, in a sweat-stained working shirt and three days' growth of beard. I pulled off the battered old hat I was wearing and I hope my embarrassment helped to ease her shyness.

She was small, with great brown eyes which seemed to fill all her face. It was a very sweet, solemn little face that day, full of nervousness and anxiety to be accepted.

I ran them home in my dilapidated utility. Paula's scared look deepened when she saw the two-roomed humpy which had served David as a home. I didn't think she was scared or dismayed at its roughness, though. She was just worried about her own ability to cope with a place like that.

As it turned out she coped remarkably well during the first year while David was getting a decent house built—the one in which I now sat.

WELL, David was busy and so was I, and we didn't see a great deal of each other during that first year. There was the usual frank discussion amongst the neighbours about the wisdom of marrying a city girl. And then, of course, there was the difference in their ages, too. David was thirty-four, nearly twice her age. But later I got into the habit of going over to their place fairly often, and I could see no sign that they were other than happy.

It was obvious that David worshipped Paula. As for Paula, her quiet seriousness seemed to watch continually for ways to serve him, an unobtrusive devotion which might have been taken too much for granted by a lesser man.

After a year or two, I began to wonder a little. Somehow it seemed to me that their relationship had more of the daughter-father quality than husband and wife, and in a vague way it worried me. Just occasionally I thought I glimpsed a shadow of sadness in Paula. But I told myself I was imagining it—after all, I was a bachelor and knew precious little about women.

Then came the day when I learned more about how things were. It was David's turn to go in for mail—we took it in turns, week about, unless Paula wanted to go in to the store or visiting—and I rode over to their place as usual to pick mine up to save him the extra two miles to my turn-off.

The weather was bad, as the season had broken early that year, and the baked-up earth couldn't absorb the water quickly enough. The rain had eased off a little when I left home, but I had trouble fording the river, which was running as high as I'd ever seen it. I had no sooner reached David's place than another storm broke, and the bashing downpour sounded as though it would beat the roof in.

I sat in the kitchen having a cup of tea with Paula. David was overdue, and although I didn't scare easily over a man like him, I suppose Paula's anxiety was contagious. She kept looking at the clock, tensed up with listening for him, although there was no hope of hearing anything in that deluge. But she did not put her fear into words. She had pluck.

"Look," I reassured her. "Just stop worrying. David's too good a bushman to get into any strife. Anyway, he's probably run in somewhere to dodge this, if he ever left town."

Her brown eyes were wide and troubled. "I suppose you're right," she said. "That will be it."

"Sure it will," I said heartily.

But the time wore on. Night came, and there was still no sign. I felt I wanted to go out looking for him, but I knew that was crazy. He had surely crawled in somewhere for the night.

It got to midnight, and the striking of the clock seemed to break Paula, as though she had secretly set that as the limit of her endurance. She dropped her head on the table, sobbing wildly. I did what I could. Her shoulders under my arm were shaking, but after a while she got over the worst of it and the sobs quietened. I bustled around and made some more tea, which she drank spiritlessly.

Just to get her talking, to keep her mind off things, I said jokingly: "If you and David were the sort of couple who row at each other now and then, I'd believe you're scared he's cleared out on you."

I SUPPOSE my nerves must have been on edge, too, because I jumped a foot out of my chair as her cup crashed to the table and the tea splashed everywhere. She looked at me wildly.

"What made you say that?" she gasped.

I stared at her, bewildered. "I—I was only joking."

"How did you guess that David knows I've been cheating him, and maybe he *isn't* coming back. . . ."

I had recovered enough to lose my temper. "For God's sake talk sense. What's that got to do with a man being stormbound?"

Even as I spoke I regretted the outburst. But before I could say anything else she went on wildly: "You're his friend. You've a right to know how despicable a cheat I am. When David met me I was lonely. Utterly lonely, and frightened. My parents had died a year before, and I had nobody. When he found me I'd—touched bottom." Her voice broke on a sob. "It's a terrible, demoralizing thing, loneliness. It makes people contemptible, cowardly. . . ."

Her mouth twisted bitterly, and on her face bitterness was shocking in its

unnaturalness. I cursed myself for picking those joking words, but all I could say was: "Look, don't tell me about it if it hurts, Paula. It all belongs to you and David. . . ."

She brushed that aside. "You see, David meant security. Afterwards—I saw how I'd cheated him. I wasn't giving him anything in return."

"But David is happy, just having you. You must know that."

"Is he? He isn't a fool. How do you know he hasn't found out that I've got so little to give him?"

I said, bluntly, that perhaps he did know, and was satisfied. I tried to tell her what I knew of the man, and I talked and talked, and gradually she became calmer.

EVENTUALLY I said: "There must be different ways of loving, Paula. With David, it couldn't ever be a demanding, taking thing. It would be all giving. And besides"—I was out of my depth in this kind of talk, and knew it, but I struggled to express what was in my mind—"besides, maybe you love him more than you realize, and just can't accept the fact because you feel guilty over the way you started. It doesn't always come suddenly, like a flash of light, surely?"

Neither of us spoke for a while, and there was only the drumming of the rain on the roof. I chattered away about anything I could think of, things I'd done in the past, the times David and I had shared, anything so long as I kept on talking. And eventually I was rewarded by seeing some of the tenseness drain out of her. . . .

The rain stopped towards morning, and as soon as it was light I rode out

ABSENCE—2

Absence lessens small passions and increases great ones, as the wind will blow out a candle and fan a fire.

La Rochefoucauld

to meet David or at least to see if the river was passable. It was high, but not running too swiftly to stop a good man swimming a horse if he had to. I hesitated on the bank, wondering whether to go across, or wait in case he had gone the four miles down to the bridge at Simpson's, and just as I was turning back I saw him. I sang out and he waved.

"So you're back, you big so-and-so," I yelled, relief making me belligerent. "What's the idea, spending the night out like that—you a married man and all?"

He called back: "Think I was mad enough to ride through that and risk the river in the dark? Simpson's bridge has gone. Been to see Paula?"

"Been there all night. Well, come on over. Don't sit there."

He forced his horse in until the water passed its girth and then he slipped off and hung on to its tail. I followed their drift down the bank and helped them out. The first thing he did was to thank me for looking after Paula.

"Forget it, mate," I said. "What did you think I'd do?"

"Just that." He grinned, shivering as he wrung water out of his clothes, and we set off for home.

I fixed his horse up while he went straight in. Paula had got a tub of hot water ready and he was having a bath when I went in. She was hurrying round with breakfast, but I said I wouldn't wait.

"Well, he's back," I said awkwardly. "You've had a bad night over nothing, but—there's no need to remember what we talked about."

"Thank you, Bill," she said simply.

I called out to David and got on my way.

The next year or two were uneventful, except that both David and I prospered and came to the end of the battling years. I still saw a lot of the two of them, and there was nothing to indicate that they were other than happy.

David seemed calmly contented and watching his eyes following Paula one evening it occurred to me that contentment was a pretty good thing. With Paula, just occasionally I thought I detected a faint air of—was it restlessness? I couldn't select the word.

And then young Harvey Mornington came into our lives.

Harvey had come to work on the Bujadni run which adjoined David's place. He was a city youngster, bright and full of life. His people had money and they had arranged for him to put in a year or so on the station to gain experience.

From the first it was obvious that he and Paula attracted each other. Harvey soon got into the habit of spending much of his spare time at David's place. And David encouraged him. Harvey and Paula went riding together like a pair of carefree kids, and David watched them go with a pleased if slightly wistful look in his eyes.

He said to me: "I think she's much happier these days, Bill, don't you?" And when I agreed, he added: "I can't give her much time, with all the work. And besides, she wants young company."

It certainly seemed like that. Paula was a different person.

Then one day I got a pointer on how things were going. I called in at David's place to repair a broken headstall. There was no one about when I got there, and I remembered David saying he would be out on the north boundary that day. Paula was probably out riding, so I went to the shed where David's saddlery gear was kept and settled down in the shade to sew up the broken strap.

I had nearly finished when I heard horses, and in a few minutes Paula and Mornington rode up. They were unusually silent. I forgot that, in the glare of the sunlight, they wouldn't be able to see me in the shadow at the back of the shed, and I just waited for them to spot me.

They drew up in the doorway and for a moment they sat looking at each other. Then Harvey said pleadingly: "Paula, you can't go on with this . . . this half existence. You've had nothing out of life, nothing at all——"

She interrupted him. "Don't say that. I've had a great deal."

"But, buried here . . . it's so empty, so pointless."

She put her hand on his arm. "Don't make it harder for us both."

He dismounted and held her stirrup to help her down. His arms went round her hungrily and she clung to him for a moment. Then she pushed him away, but I could see that it hurt her to do it.

He was saying something about having only another six weeks, and I lost her reply. I just sat there petrified, wondering what I could do. Any moment they might turn from the brilliant square of sunlight in the doorway and see me there in the dimness, and I fairly sweated, afraid to move.

I didn't want to hear any of this, and I was glad their voices were low. But that wasn't going to help me when they finally discovered me there, as it seemed they must.

PAULA was very white, and trembling, and Harvey's urgent pleading softened to gentleness. He said: "All right, I'll go now. Let's just think it over for a day or two. After all, we've six weeks."

She looked at him gratefully. "I'll put my saddle away and let the horse go," she said shakily. He took her arm. "Let me take you up to the house first. I'll fix your horse." He smiled at her, a friendly, comradely smile.

They went away, and I lost no time in slipping out and round behind the saddle shed, keeping it between me and the house as I made for the cover of the scrub and worked my way round to where I'd left my horse.

I didn't see any of them for three days. I was too occupied with worrying and wondering over the affair, and trying to decide what, if anything, I should do.

One thing I was sure of. This wasn't just an unpleasant bit of playing around with another man's wife, as far as Harvey was concerned. He was in love, and it was no light thing. That

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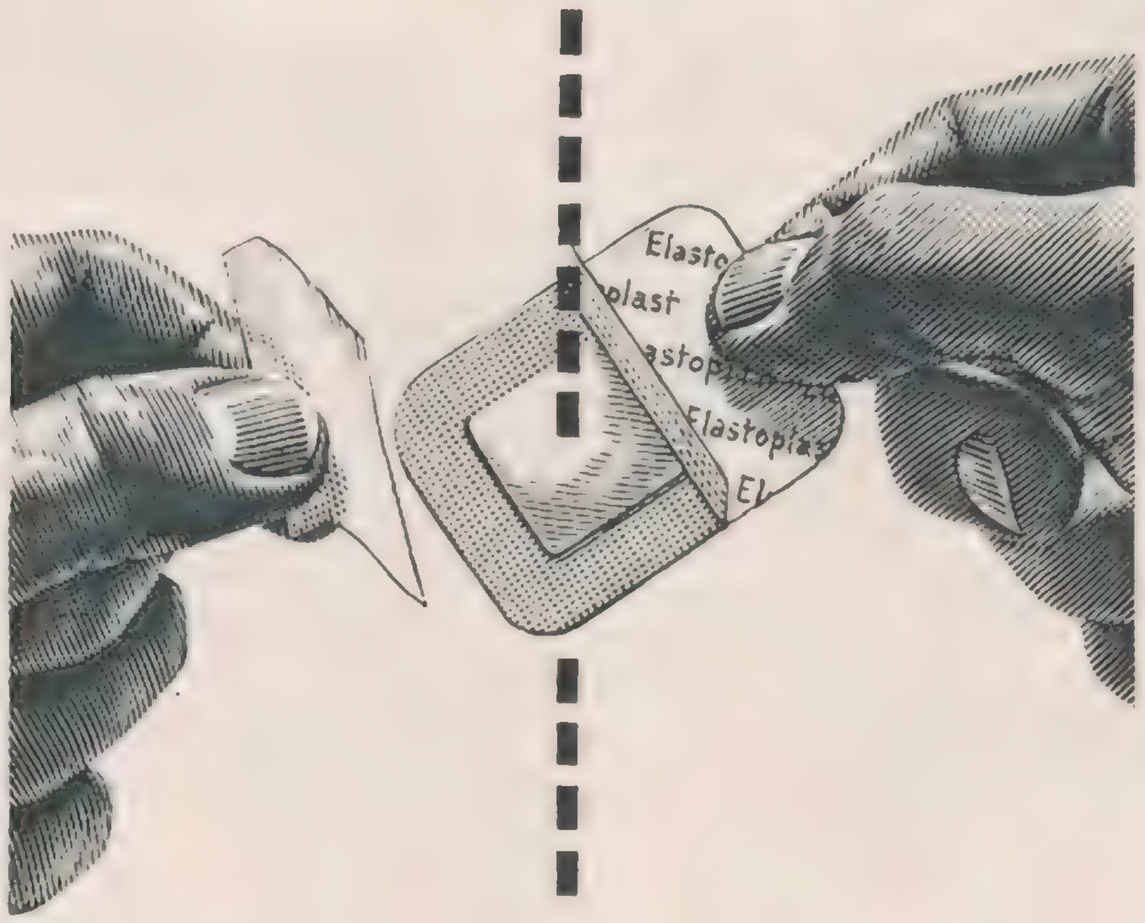

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David's Papers

continued from previous page

was what made it so bad. I liked the youngster, and I couldn't find it in myself to blame him for what was happening. I liked Paula, too, and I realized that she had, as Harvey had said, missed so much of life.

But then, there was David. I couldn't bear the thought of what this could mean to him.

There was nothing I could do. Not a thing.

When I started visiting again, I felt like a spy, because I unconsciously watched them all the time, their expressions, what they said, and how they said it. It was worst when Harvey was there, as, of course, he often was. Apart from being more quiet than usual, Paula was much the same, although if anything she was more attentive to David than ever. Whether she and Harvey were seeing much of each other alone I didn't know and didn't want to know.

Two nights before Harvey was due to leave he came over to David's place to say goodbye. I was there, and watched all three of them, trying to get some hint of what the position was, and hating myself for it.

Paula's face told me nothing. She seemed closed up, somehow, but there were signs of strain showing in her eyes and in the tightness of her lips. I felt inexpressibly sorry for her, because to her this was more than just a goodbye, and I was horribly afraid she would break down under it all.

But she saw it through. She seemed to give David all her attention, watching him with an expression in her eyes which I just couldn't read.

WHEN Harvey got up to leave, I slipped out, saying I'd saddle his horse and bring it to the house. I just didn't want to be there when he left Paula. When I got back, he and David were standing on the veranda. I couldn't see their faces but I caught the last words of what Harvey was saying.

"One of the things I'll always remember about this place is the good men I've met." His voice was a bit hoarse. "I'd like to think I could be as fine a bloke as you are, David. I mean that, very sincerely."

I missed David's answer but caught the kindness of his voice and laugh, and then we stood and watched the youngster ride into the darkness. We could hear his horse in a flat gallop down the track, see an occasional spark as shod hooves struck stone. And then we went in.

Paula was sitting where we had left her. She looked up at David, her eyes wide and searching, her face very white.

I left almost at once.

At that time we had a regular mail service by bus. Twice a week, linking the scattered settlements, the bus picked up mail and passengers along the route to take them in to the township to meet the train.

The route lay long David's southern boundary, about a quarter of a mile from the house and, as I was placed on his north side, I had to go through his property to the nearest pick-up point.

Harvey was going in by the bus on Tuesday, and had asked us particularly not to go along to give him a wave. He was very emphatic about it. Otherwise I suppose we would have gone down. As it was, I stayed with David, knowing we would hear the bus passing. We stood leaning on the sliprail of his horse paddock, not talking, and I wondered what he was thinking about.

He raised his head when we heard the bus growling up the hill. It was out of sight all the way, but we knew the road so well we could judge its position pretty accurately by the sound. The changing gear told us that it had topped the rise and settled on the straight run.

Then it stopped. I suppose there was a message or a parcel for David from somebody farther out. After a moment it started up again and gathered speed. Young Jim Parry, the driver, always did that straight three miles to the bridge at a bone-rattling speed.

We could picture it, and I was just turning to grin at David when we heard the crash. For a shocked second we stood still, and then we were off, running like mad through the scrub towards the road.

We hadn't covered half the distance when we saw smoke billowing up over the trees, and we kept running directly for that. David was a good fifteen yards ahead of me when we burst out of the timber, and what we saw was pretty horrible. The bus had run off the road, crashed into a couple of big stumps, then got amongst the big boulders and turned right over. The impact must have burst the tank, spewing petrol everywhere, and the wreck was a furnace—an inferno out of which screams came, but already the screams were decreasing in volume as the fire raged on.

Glimpsed through the flame and black smoke, we could see scattered débris and a figure reeling in and out. And, as the smoke billowed to one side, we could see the figure dragging something along the ground, something blackened and horrible, and then the smoke rolled back again.

DAVID yelled and plunged in and I followed, shielding my face from the heat. I collided with somebody crawling on hands and knees back towards the fire. With a shock of incredulous horror I recognized Paula.

I grabbed her. She was covered in grease and dirt and her clothes were smouldering. Luckily she was wearing a fairly thick woollen dress which had not caught alight easily. I smothered the spots which still smouldered and tried to pick her up, but she struggled to get away. There was blood on her sleeve and hand.

"You damned little fool," I yelled. "For God's sake get back. . . ."

She pointed to the bundle she had dragged out—a child, apparently.

"The others—in there. Harvey. . . ."

"It's too late, I tell you. Hey, David! David!"

He answered me from the other side then came towards us through the smoke. When he saw Paula he stopped and straightened up. For what seemed an age he stood looking at her. Then he knelt down, putting his arms round her.

HIS touch seemed to wake her again. Her hands came away from her blackened face slowly, as though afraid of what she would see, but all she saw was David's face, white and set but reassuring in its steadfastness.

"Help them—get them out," she moaned shudderingly, but David held her tight.

"There's nothing more to be done now. It's finished," he said in a curiously flat tone. He kept between her and the fire.

At that moment a truck came tearing along the road. The Simpsons had apparently heard the crash, or seen the smoke from their place, and had brought a party of six. In the excitement and hurried questions I lost sight of Paula and David, but after a few minutes he joined us. Mrs. Simpson was with the party and she had taken charge of Paula.

There was little we could do. When the smoke cleared, we could see pitiful bits of luggage and parcels strewed around, thrown out no doubt by the explosion. There were only a few odd articles. Several of us were picking these up, rather uselessly, when somebody reminded us that perhaps we had better leave everything as it was until the police had seen it.

That gave the Simpson boys something tangible to do. They set off for town at once, taking Paula and David with them.

Paula was in hospital for more than a month. She had some nasty burns and a few bruises, and there was a bad cut down her arm. The kiddie she had dragged out of the fire had lived only long enough to reach the hospital, so there was nobody left to tell what actually had happened. The doctor strictly forbade any questioning of Paula until she slowly emerged from the nightmare pit of shock and was almost ready to come home.

The statements we made, with David doing most of the talking, could only tell how we had heard the crash and hurried down to find Paula already ahead of us. Apparently she had been closer to the road. There seemed little object in getting her to repeat what we had already said.

Well, the tragedy died down, as these things do. Knowing what I did, I was deeply worried over what Harvey's death would do to Paula, and in a way I dreaded her coming home.

As it happened, I had little opportunity of seeing how she was. While she was away, David made arrangements for the two of them to go on a trip abroad for six months, and I saw hardly anything of her before they left.

When they returned, David seemed to have aged, but his greying hair and some new lines in his face made no difference to the honest goodness of him. He treated Paula with an even greater gentleness than ever, a tender and understanding gentleness which was fine to see. And Paula—she lived only to do everything in her power to make him happy. Whatever they had felt before, they seemed happy in each other now, and remained that way always. After I sold out and went to live in the city, I visited them occasionally, and I always came away feeling good about them.

Two or three days after going through David's papers, I took them to Paula at my sister's. I looked at her sitting there, so quiet and brave. I looked at her searchingly, wondering. I knew so much, and yet there was so much I didn't know.

We were alone, my sister having gone out shopping. After running through the essential business details, I opened my brief case again.

"By the way," I said casually. "I had to cross-check with some papers of my own when I got back last night, and I came across a reminder of that day the mail bus crashed. This."

I took the grey suède purse out of my bag and laid it on the table.

She caught her breath and looked up at me, her eyes big with a question. I smiled at her as I lit my pipe, hiding behind the smoke. "I picked it up that day and shoved it in my pocket. You must have dropped it. I put it away with my own papers, meaning to give it to you later, and then I simply forgot it." I walked away and looked across the harbour to where the bridge made a lacy frame to the right. "It has been at the bottom of my strongbox all these years."

She was still silent, and I had to turn and face her. Her hands were shaking a little when she picked the purse up, but her eyes were calm and confident for all their sadness. As she opened it, I turned away again.

I knew what was in it. I had opened it last night. There were a few personal papers—her birth certificate for one. And there were two rail tickets to Sydney, dated the day of the crash.

THERE was no point in telling her the truth—that I had seen the purse for the first time last night, when I found it among David's papers; that he had picked it up, not I.

Paula's voice came softly from behind me. "There is more than one kind of love, Bill. You told me that, didn't you?"

I nodded.

"I had to be hurt pretty badly before I learned that, though," she said. "But I did learn. I loved him, Bill, as you said I would."

There are different kinds of love. Theirs had been a beautiful and splendid thing in its way, and I was glad I had lied.

That was the way David would have wanted it. THE END

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Feline

A dog never guesses the feline tribe
Considers him just a clod,
For he knows that the humans all describe
Him as friend of man, who will take no bribe
To desert his master-god.

A dog can bark and can often beg,
He retrieves, he tracks, he hunts,
He can cheat the snow with a brandy keg,
He can seize a burglar by either leg
And is full of useful stunts.

A feline knows that it is man's wish
She be mistress of his house,
She owes no duty for milk and fish,
But sometimes rouses to add a dish
Of forcibly playful mouse.

A dog mud-gallops through thick and thin,
Till his coat smells highly odd,
Then it's straw not fire, for he mayn't come in
And he never guesses how wide the grin
Of the feline rumbling "Clod!"

B. R. GIBBS

'Somebody in this house is a killer'

continued from page nine

not commit the crime for which he was sentenced, and the newspapers will report that fact freely."

He stopped. Nobody spoke. It had been, he supposed, a great shock to them. But, after all, a happy one.

He rose to his feet. "I'm afraid," he said uncertainly, "that there is nothing more that I can say. . . ."

It was Gwenda Vaughan who took charge of the situation. She came up to him and laid a hand on his arm, saying in a low voice: "You'd better go now, Doctor Calgary. It's been too much of a shock. They must have time to take it in."

Calgary descended the stairs slowly. As he was fumbling with the front door, he heard light footsteps on the stairs. Hester came flying down them.

She unlatched the door and opened it. They stood looking at each other. She said: "Why did you come? Oh, why ever did you come?"

"I don't understand you. Don't you want your brother to have justice?"

"Oh, justice!" She threw the word at him. "What does it matter to Jacko now? He's dead. It's not Jacko who matters. It's *us*!"

"What do you mean?"

"It's not the guilty who matter. It's the innocent. Don't you see what you've done to us all?"

Out of the darkness outside, a man's figure loomed up.

"Doctor Calgary?" he said. "Your taxi's here, sir."

"Oh—er—thank you."

Calgary turned once more to Hester, but she had withdrawn into the house.

The front door banged.

When Hester got back to the library

ABSENCE—3

Never was the absent in the right.

Spanish Proverb

Gwenda Vaughan was busy with the telephone. Her father beckoned to her and Hester went over to his chair.

"We're trying to get through to Mary and to Micky," he said. "They ought to be told at once of this."

"Hallo," said Gwenda Vaughan. "Is that Mrs. Durrant? Mary? Gwenda Vaughan here. Your father wants to speak to you."

Leo went over and took up the receiver. He told Mary of Calgary's visit and the news he had brought.

"The whole thing seems to be perfectly well authenticated," he said. "I rang up to say that I think we should all have a meeting here together as soon as possible. Perhaps we could get Marshall down, too. We ought, I think, to have the best legal advice. Could you and Philip? . . . Yes . . . yes, I know. But I really think, my dear, that it's *important*. . . . Yes. . . . Well, ring me up later, if you like. I must try and get hold of Micky." He replaced the receiver.

Hester said: "If this is going to take a little time, could I ring up Desmond first?"

"Of course," said Leo. "You are going out with him this evening, aren't you?"

"I was," said Hester, dialling.

There was a moment or two of delay and then she said: "Is that you, Desmond? . . . I rang up to say that I don't think I can come with you to the lecture tonight. . . . No, I'm not ill—it's not that, it's just that we've had some rather queer news."

She arranged to meet Desmond next day and put down the receiver.

Leo spoke to his son very much as he had spoken to his daughter. But his news was received rather differently from the way it had been received by Mary Durrant.

"What the hell!" said Micky's voice. "After all this time? The missing witness! Well, well, Jacko's luck was out that night."

Leo spoke again. Micky listened.

"Yes," he said, "I agree with you. We'd better get together as quickly as possible." He gave a sudden quick laugh, the laugh that Leo remembered so well from the small boy who had played in the garden outside the window. "What's the betting?" he said. *"Which of us did it?"*

Leo dropped the receiver down and left the telephone abruptly.

"What did he say?" Gwenda asked.

Leo told her.

"It seems to me a silly sort of joke to make," said Gwenda.

Leo shot a quick glance at her. "Perhaps," he said gently, "it wasn't altogether a joke. . . ."

MARY DURRANT crossed the room and picked up some fallen petals from a vase of chrysanthemums. She put them carefully into the waste-paper basket. Her appearance was like her house: neat, well kept. Any kind of dust or disorder worried her.

The man in the invalid chair watching her, smiled a slightly twisted smile. Soon after their marriage, Philip Durrant had fallen a victim to polio of the paralytic type. To Mary, who adored him, he had become her child as well as her husband. He himself felt at times slightly embarrassed by her possessive love.

He said now: "I must say your father's news beggars description. How can you be so calm about it?"

"I suppose I can hardly take it in. . . . It's so extraordinary. What will it actually *mean*, Phil?"

Philip said: "It means that Jacko will be completely exonerated. That is, if the authorities are satisfied."

"Oh! Well," said Mary, with a slight sigh, "I suppose it's all very *nice*."

Philip Durrant laughed. "Polly!" he said, "you'll be the death of me."

Only her husband had ever called Mary Durrant Polly. It was a name ludicrously inappropriate.

Mary said, puzzled: "But it *is* very nice. You can't pretend it's been satisfactory to have had a murderer in the family."

"Not really *in* the family."

"Well it's practically the same thing. I mean, it was all very worrying, and made one most uncomfortable. And now it will all be raked up again."

"Yes," said Philip Durrant thoughtfully. "The police are going to be interested, too."

"The *police*?" Mary spoke sharply. "What's it got to do with them?"

"It's an unsolved crime again now," said Philip. . . .

AT the hotel in Drymouth, Calgary flung himself down on his bed and lit a cigarette as he went over and over it in his mind.

He could not forget Hester's scornful rejection of his plea for justice.

There had been something odd, too, about Leo Argyle—a withdrawal, a watchfulness. No suggestion of the "Thank God, my son was innocent!" which surely would have been the natural reaction.

The telephone on the table by the bed rang. He picked up the receiver.

"Doctor Calgary? There is a Mr. Argyle asking for you."

"Oh. Tell him——" Arthur Calgary checked himself on the point of saying that he would come down. If for some reason Leo Argyle had followed him to Drymouth and managed to find out where he was staying, then presumably the matter would be embarrassing to discuss in the crowded lounge.

He said instead: "Ask him to come up to my room, will you?"

He rose from where he had been lying and paced up and down until the knock came on the door. He went across and opened it.

"Come in, Mr. Argyle, I——"

He stopped. It was not Leo Argyle. It was a man in his early twenties.

"Didn't expect me," said the young man. "Expected my—father. I'm Michael Argyle."

"Come in." Calgary closed the door

LOOK AHEAD WITH PERCY THROWER

Plan your winter colour now

This is how Percy Thrower gets a dazzling show of daffodils in January—five bulbs at the bottom of a deep pot, with six more on top

EVERY autumn I plant a special bowl of daffodils which never fails to produce in January an enormous, dazzling show of blooms quite out of proportion to the size of the bowl. The secret is that the bowl is nine inches deep.

First I plant five large bulbs close to the bottom (this year the variety I'm using is Golden Harvest) and cover them with fibre. Then I plant six more bulbs on top and cover those.

I plant other bulbs, too, of course, and find that by carefully choosing the varieties it is easy to get wonderful splashes of colour indoors from January right through into March and April.

In January I also like seeing the amaryllis — a large lily-like flower. Christmas Joy (bright scarlet) is a new variety which can now be grown in bulb fibre in bowls, providing they are not put outside or in a very cool place after planting. Miniature narcissi are favourites of mine, too. I grow them in small bowls with pieces of rockery stone as a background for their flowers, which are only an inch or two high.

Test for moisture

Don't forget that bulb fibre must be moistened before going into the bowls. To test it, I take a handful and squeeze it. The moisture must just show between the fingers; not more.

I then press a foundation of fibre fairly firmly into the bowls. Having put the bulbs or corms in position—they can be almost touching—I push the rest of the fibre lightly down between and over them. All but hyacinth bulbs can be completely covered.

The first eight or ten weeks are critical for bulbs and corms. They *must* be kept in a cool dark place to encourage root formation. I place mine under a north-facing wall and cover them with either sand or weathered ashes for at least eight weeks and then bring them out to the light.

Try a window ledge

Bulbs must not go into a warm room straight away but be kept in a light cool place—perhaps on the window ledge of a cool room for a few more weeks. When the flower buds appear they can be transferred to the window ledge of a warmer room.

At all times now they have to be kept in the light, or the leaves and flowers will become thin and drawn.

Many people fail with crocuses because they take them into the warmth too quickly. Crocuses, the same as miniature narcissi and chionodoxas, are best left in the cool until the colour of the petals can be seen.

And remember that, since surplus water cannot drain away, only enough water to moisten the fibre through should be given at a time. THE END

at-a-glance guide to indoor bulbs

JANUARY

DAFFODILS: *Golden Harvest, King Alfred, Rembrandt (golden yellow trumpet and pale yellow perianth).*
HYACINTHS: *Bismarck (light blue), Grand Maitre (blue), La Victoire (crimson), L'Innocence (white).*
NARCISSI: *Fortune (deep orange, yellow perianth).*
DOUBLE TULIPS: *Peach Blossom (silvery pink on white), Vuurbaak (crimson-scarlet).*
SINGLE TULIPS: *Brilliant Star (bright scarlet), Sunburst (deep yellow, scarlet flush).*
AMARYLLIS: *Christmas Joy (bright scarlet).*

FEBRUARY

NARCISSI: *Scarlet Elegance (golden yellow, orange scarlet cup), John Evelyn (white, apricot cup), Texas (double yellow, orange-red petals).*
TULIPS: *Keizerskroon (scarlet, yellow edges), Fosteriana Madame Lefeber (red).*
FREESIAS: *(mixed colours—delicate perfume).*
CHIONODOXA: *sardensis (gentian blue).*
CROCUSES: *purpureus grandiflora (deep purple), candidus (deep yellow).*

MARCH—APRIL

NARCISSI: *Scarlet Leader (white, scarlet cup), Cheerfulness (double white or yellow), Scarlet Gem (golden yellow, bright red centre), triandrus albus—or Angel's Tears—(miniature: creamy yellow and white), bulbocodium conspicuus (golden yellow).*
IRIS: *Wedgewood (blue).*

THIS is the Gin . .

. . . FOR A REVIVING
'GIN AND LIME'

Some say "Gimlet" some say "Gin and Lime"—but all agree that this refreshing favourite is all the more heartening if you make it correctly . . . thus: Half-fill shaker with ice, add 2/3 Gordon's* Gin, 1/3 lime juice, and a small dash of bitters; shake well, and top up with soda water.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN GIN DISTILLERS
FARQUHAR GORDON & CO. LTD

*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

'Somebody in this house is a killer'

continued from previous page

after his visitor had entered. "How did you find out I was here?"

"Rang up the principal hotels on the chance you might be staying."

"And why did you want to see me?"

"It's natural, isn't it? When I heard about the news you'd brought. The news about my dear brother."

Calgary did not answer.

"What did you bottle it up for? What's all this about concussion?"

Patiently Calgary told him. Strangely enough, he felt heartened by the boy's roughness and rudeness. Here, at any rate, was somebody who felt strongly on his brother's behalf.

"Your watch could have been wrong. Or you went by the clock in your car."

"My watch and the clock in the car were exactly synchronized."

"Jacko could have led you up the garden path some way," Michael said.

"There were no tricks. Why are you so anxious to prove me wrong?" With some heat, Calgary went on: "I expected it might be difficult to convince the authorities that they had convicted a man unjustly. I did not expect to find his own family so hard to convince. You should be pleased—thankful. Your own brother. . . ."

"He wasn't my brother. And Mrs. Argyle wasn't my mother."

"What?"

"Hasn't anyone told you? We were all adopted. The lot of us. My 'mother,' as you call her, couldn't have any children of her own. So she got herself a nice little family by adoption. Mary, myself, Tina, Hester, Jacko."

"I had no idea," said Calgary. . . .

In the lawyer's office, Calgary said apologetically: "It's very good of you to see me again, Mr. Marshall."

"Not at all," said the lawyer.

Arthur Calgary drew his chair forward. "When I went down to Sunny Point, I thought that I was *ending* something, giving—shall we say—a different end to a chapter already written. But I was made to feel, I was made to *see*, that instead of *ending* something I was *starting* something."

Mr. Marshall nodded his head slowly.

"And that being the position," went on Calgary, "I no longer feel that I can go back to my work satisfied with having made the only amends that I can make. I'm still involved."

The lawyer cleared his throat. "That, perhaps, is a rather fanciful point of view, Doctor Calgary."

"I don't think it is—not really. In some curious way I have made things worse for people who have already suffered. But I don't understand *why*."

"No," said Marshall slowly, "no, you would not see why. For the past eighteen months or so you've been out of touch with civilization. The facts are very simple, Doctor Calgary. If Jack Argyle did not commit the crime, *then who did?* The murder occurred in a house where the deceased woman was surrounded by the members of her own family and household. The house was securely locked and shuttered and if anyone entered from outside, then the outsider must have been admitted by Mrs. Argyle herself or have entered with their own key. In other words, it must have been somebody she knew.

"You can see, Doctor Calgary, why the family were disturbed rather than relieved by the news you brought them?"

Calgary said slowly: "They'd rather, you mean, that Jacko was guilty?"

"Oh, yes," said Marshall, "Jack Argyle was the perfect answer to the unpleasant fact of murder in the family. He had been a problem child, a delinquent boy, a man of violent temper."

"And now——" Calgary stopped.

"And now," said Mr. Marshall "a case which was closed satisfactorily—yes, I shall continue to use the word satisfactorily—is now reopened."

Calgary said: "I think I've a right to know the background. I understand that Mrs. Argyle adopted the children?"

"That is so. Mrs. Argyle was the only daughter of Rudolph Konstam, a very rich man. Her mother was American and also a very rich woman in her own right. Rachel devoted the large fortune she inherited from her father and mother to what we may term, loosely, philanthropical enterprises.

"It was in doing the latter that she met Leo Argyle, who was an Oxford don, with a great interest in economics and social reform. To understand Mrs. Argyle you have to realize that the great tragedy of her life was that she was unable to have children.

"As is the case with many women, this disability gradually overshadowed the whole of her life. She adopted first a child from a slum tenement in New York—that is the present Mrs. Durrant. On the outbreak of war she established a kind of war nursery for children, purchasing the house you visited, Sunny Point.

"In nineteen-forty she had sixteen children, mostly those who had unsatisfactory guardians or who could not be evacuated with their families. She was deeply attached to the children and finally she formed the project of adopting some of them. This resulted in a family of five. Mary, now married to Philip Durrant; Michael, who works in Drymouth; Tina, a half-caste child; Hester; and, of course, Jacko.

"If environment counts for anything they should have gone far. They certainly had every advantage. Jack—or Jacko, as they called him—was always unsatisfactory. He stole money at school; got into trouble at the university. Twice he only avoided a jail sentence by a very narrow margin. Twice money was spent in setting him up in business. Twice these business enterprises failed. After his death an allowance was paid, and indeed is still paid, to his widow."

Calgary leaned forward in astonishment. "His *widow*? Nobody has ever told me that he was married."

"Dear, dear." The lawyer clicked his thumb irritably. "I may say that none of the Argyle family had any idea that he was married. Immediately after his arrest his wife appeared at Sunny Point in great distress. Mr. Argyle was very good to her. She was a young woman who had worked as a dance hostess in the Drymouth Palais de Danse. I probably forgot to tell you about her because she remarried a few weeks after Jack's death. Her present husband is an electrician, I believe, in Drymouth."

"I must go and see her," said Calgary. He added, reproachfully: "She is the first person I should have gone to see."

"Certainly. I will give you the address. I really cannot think *why* I did not mention it to you when you first came to me."

Calgary said now: "Can you tell me exactly who was in that house on the night Mrs. Argyle was killed?"

Marshall gave him a sharp glance.

"Leo Argyle, of course, and the youngest daughter, Hester. Mary Durrant and her invalid husband were there on a visit—he had just come out of hospital. Then there was Kirsten Lindstrom—whom you probably met—she is a Swedish trained nurse and masseuse who originally came to help Mrs. Argyle with her war nursery and has remained on ever since. Michael and Tina were not there — Michael works as a car salesman in Drymouth and Tina has a job in the county library at Redmyn and lives in a flat there."

Marshall paused before going on. "There was also Miss Vaughan, Mr. Argyle's secretary. She had left the house before the body was discovered."

"I met her also," said Calgary. "She seems very—attached to Mr. Argyle."

"Yes—yes. I believe there may shortly be an engagement announced."

"Ah," Calgary said. "And what about motive, Mr. Marshall?"

"My dear Doctor Calgary, I really cannot speculate as to that, and there was no direct monetary benefit to *anyone*," Marshall said. "Mrs. Argyle had entered into a series of discretionary trusts, a formula which, as you know, is much adopted nowadays. These trusts were in favour of all the children. They are administered by three trustees, of whom I am one, Leo Argyle is one and the third is an American lawyer, a distant cousin of Mrs. Argyle's.

"The very large sum of money involved is administered by these trustees and can be adjusted so as to benefit those beneficiaries of the trust who need it most."

"What about Mr. Argyle? Did he profit in a monetary sense by his wife's death?"

"Not to any great extent. Most of her fortune, as I have told you, had gone into trusts. She left him the residue of her estate, but that did not amount to a large sum."

"And Miss Lindstrom?"

"Mrs. Argyle had bought a very handsome annuity for Miss Lindstrom some years previously." Marshall added irritably: "Motive? There doesn't seem to me a ha'porth of motive about. Certainly not financial motive."

"And in the emotional field? Was there any special friction?"

"There, I'm afraid, I can't help you," Marshall said. "I wasn't an observer of the family life."

"Is there anyone who could?"

Marshall considered for a moment or two. Then he said, almost reluctantly: "You might go and see the local doctor. Doctor MacMaster, I think his name is. He's retired now. He was medical attendant to the war nursery. But—pardon me for saying this—do you think it likely that you

can accomplish anything that the police cannot much more easily?"

"I don't know," said Calgary. "Probably not. But I do know this. I've got to try. . . ."

• • •

Superintendent Huish breathed heavily and sat down in the chair indicated by his chief, Major Finney. "It seems as though we made a mistake two years ago," he said. "The trouble is, you see, there really wasn't any doubt *at the time*."

"No," said the chief constable. "It seemed a perfectly clear case."

"There wasn't anything else really that we could think," said Huish thoughtfully. "A call came in that she'd been killed. The information that the boy had been there threatening her, the fingerprint evidence—his fingerprints on the poker, and the money. We picked him up almost at once and he had the money with him."

"But it seems," said the chief constable slowly, "that we were wrong."

"Yes," said Huish, "yes, we were wrong. And the chap's dead. It's a bad business." He paused and went on: "The trouble is, sir, that we didn't look elsewhere at the time. The case against Jack Argyle was complete. Of course, one can see now, the murderer took advantage of that."

"Took advantage of the fact that the boy had been there and that he'd threatened her?"

"Yes. All that person had to do was to step in the room, pick up the poker in a gloved hand, from where Jacko had thrown it down, walk up to the table where Mrs. Argyle was writing and biff her one on the head."

"Why?"

HUISH smiled wryly. "Yes, sir, that's what we've to find out. It's going to be one of the difficulties. Absence of motive. On the face of it there's no reason for anyone to want her out of the way. Of course—" he paused.

"Yes, Huish?"

"Mr. Argyle, I understand, is thinking of remarrying."

"Yes," said Major Finney. "I suppose there's a motive there. Think there was anything between them at the time of the murder?"

"I should rather doubt it, sir," said Superintendent Huish. "That sort of thing soon gets talked about in a village. But then there's the lady help, the Swedish woman. She *seems* a nice, sensible kind of woman and not the sort you can imagine hitting anyone on the head with a poker. But you never know, do you?"

"No," said the chief constable, "you never know. There's no question of an outsider of any kind?"

"No trace of one," said the superintendent. "The drawer where the money was was pulled out. A sort of attempt had been made to make the room look as though a burglar had been there, but it was very amateurish."

"The odd thing to me," said the chief constable, "is the money."

"Yes," said Huish. "That's very difficult to understand. One of the fivers Jack Argyle had on him was definitely one that had been given to Mrs. Argyle at the bank that morning. Mrs. Bottleberry was the name written on the back of it. *He* said his mother had given the money to him, but both Mr. Argyle and Gwenda Vaughan are quite definite that Mrs. Argyle came into the library at a quarter to seven and said she'd refused to give him any."

"Who else was in the house that evening besides Argyle and Gwenda Vaughan, Hester Argyle and this Lindstrom woman?"

"The eldest married daughter, Mary Durrant, and her husband."

"He's a cripple, isn't he? That lets him out. What about Mary?"

"She's a very calm piece of goods, sir. You can't imagine her getting excited or—well, or killing anyone."

"Let me have a look at the times."

Huish passed him the paper.

"Hm . . . yes, I see. Quarter to seven Mrs. Argyle was in the library talking to her husband about Jacko's threats. Gwenda Vaughan was present during part of the conversation. Gwenda Vaughan went home just

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'Somebody in this house is a killer'

continued from previous page

after seven. Hester Argyle saw her mother alive at about two or three minutes to seven. After that, Mrs. Argyle was not seen till half past seven when her dead body was discovered by Miss Lindstrom.

"Between seven and half past there was plenty of opportunity. Hester could have killed her, Gwenda Vaughan could have killed her after she left the library and before she left the house. Miss Lindstrom could have when she 'discovered the body.'

"Leo Argyle was alone in his library from ten past seven until Miss Lindstrom sounded the alarm. He could have gone to his wife's sitting-room and killed her any time during that twenty minutes. Mary Durrant, who was upstairs, could have come down during that half hour and killed her mother. And—" said Finney thoughtfully, "—Mrs. Argyle herself could have let anyone in by the front door as we thought she let Jack Argyle in.

"Leo Argyle said, if you remember, that he *thought* he did hear a ring at the bell, and the sound of the front door opening and closing, but he was very vague about the time. We assumed that that was when Jacko returned and killed her."

"He needn't have rung the bell," said Huish. "He had a key of his own. They all had."

"Isn't there another brother?"

"Yes. Michael. Works as a car salesman in Drymouth."

"Had he an alibi?"

"Out testing a customer's car, I understand. No reason for suspecting him then, but he had a key and he *could* have come over and killed her."

The chief constable sighed.

"Well, I wish you the best of luck, Huish," he said. "Fortunately we've nothing very much on just now, but don't be discouraged if you can't get anywhere. It's a very cold trail. . . ."

At eleven o'clock the next morning Arthur Calgary called on Jack Argyle's widow. He introduced himself. "I believe you have had a letter from Mr. Marshall about me," he said.

She gave a little embarrassed laugh.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Marshall wrote me about it," she said. "Talked about it half the night, Joe and I did."

"Joe is your husband?"

"Yes. He works in the electricity. Got a very good job and they think a lot of him. He always told me Jackie was no good, but of course I was just a kid and silly then. Jackie had a great way with him, you know."

"So it seems from all I've heard about him."

"He was wonderful at getting round women—I don't know why, reely. He wasn't good looking or anything like that. Mind you, it came in useful once or twice. Just after we were married he got into trouble at the garage where he was working, over some work done on a customer's car. But Jackie got round the boss's wife. Must have been near on fifty, but she'd have done anything for him in the end. Got round her husband, she did, and got him to say as he wouldn't prosecute if Jackie paid the money back. But he never knew where the money came from! It was his own wife what provided it. That reely gave us a laugh, Jackie and me."

Calgary looked at her with faint repulsion. "Was it—so very funny?"

"Oh, I think so, don't you? Reely, it was a scream. An old woman like that crazy about Jackie and raking out her savings for him."

Calgary sighed. Things were never, he thought, the way you imagined. Every day he found himself less attracted to the man whose name he had taken such trouble to vindicate.

"I'm very glad," he said, "more glad than I can say that this—this unfortunate business hasn't left any—well, permanent shadow."

She stared at him, her wide, blue eyes not understanding in the least what he meant. "It was horrid at the time," she said. "All the neighbours talking and the worry of it all, though I must say the police were very kind, all things considered."

He wondered if she had had any feeling for the dead man. He asked her a question abruptly.

"Did you think he'd done it?" he said.

"Do you mean, do I think he'd done his mother in? Well, of course—yes, I suppose I did in a way. Of course, he *said* he hadn't, but I mean you never could believe anything Jackie said, and it did seem as though he must have done. You see, he could get very nasty, Jackie could, if you stood up against him. I knew he was in a hole of some kind. He wouldn't say much to me, just swore at me when I asked him about it.

"But he went off that day and he said that it was going to be all right. His mother would stump up. She'd have to. So of course I believed him."

"He had never told his family about your marriage, I understand."

"No. You see, they were classy people, had a big house and all that. I wouldn't have gone down very well."

She appeared to display no resentment, but to think, indeed, that her

husband's behaviour had been perfectly natural.

"I suppose it was a great shock to you when he was arrested?"

"Well, naturally. However *could* he do such a thing? But then he always had a very nasty temper when anything upset him. And then Mum said better go over right away and see his people. After all, she said, you've got your rights.

"It was that foreign lady help what opened the door to me and at first I couldn't make her understand. Seemed as if she couldn't believe it. 'It's impossible,' she kept saying.

"And then Mr. Argyle came and *he* was ever so kind. Asked me how I was off for money—and sends me a regular allowance every week."

She turned her head as the door opened. "Oh. Here's Joe now."

Joe was a thin-lipped fair-haired young man. He received Maureen's explanations with a slight frown.

"Hoped we'd done with all that," he said disapprovingly. "It does no good to go raking up the past."

Calgary rose. "Well, perhaps that is one way of looking at it. But there is such a thing as justice, you know, Mr. Clegg. . . ."

Old Doctor MacMaster had bushy eyebrows and shrewd grey eyes. He leaned back in his shabby armchair and studied his visitor carefully.

"The first thing I've got to make you understand," said Calgary, "is why I'm still concerning myself over all this. Logically speaking, I suppose, I've done what I came to do—but, you see, my news was not received as I thought it would be."

"What did you expect?"

"I expected—" he considered a moment, "—blame? Perhaps. Resentment? Very likely. But also thankfulness."

MacMaster grunted. "And there's no thankfulness, and not as much resentment as you think there ought to be?"

"Something like that."

"That's because you didn't know the circumstances until you got there. Why have you come to me, exactly?"

Calgary said slowly: "Because I want to understand more about the family. I only know the acknowledged facts. A very fine and unselfish woman doing her best for her adopted children. Set against that, the young delinquent. That's all I know."

"You've been thinking, probably, that Mrs. Argyle was the sort of woman who shouldn't have been murdered?"

"I should imagine that everyone felt that."

"Ethically," said MacMaster, "you're quite right. But you know—" he rubbed his nose, "—isn't it the Chinese who hold that beneficence is a sin rather than a virtue?

"Well," he continued, after a moment's pause. "There you are. Mrs. Argyle was what you might call a wonderful mother. But she overdid the beneficence. No doubt of that."

"They weren't her own children," Calgary pointed out.

"No," said MacMaster. "That's just where the trouble came in, I imagine. I've seen many girls and women keen on getting married, but mainly—though they mayn't quite know it themselves—because of their urge to motherhood. The babies come; they're happy and satisfied. Life goes back into proportion for them.

"Well, with Mrs. Argyle the maternal instinct was very strong, but the physical satisfaction of bearing a child or children never came. And so her maternal obsession never really slackened. Those children were pampered and spoon-fed and fussed over and loved and in many ways it didn't do them any good."

"You mean," said Calgary, "it didn't do Jack any good?"

"Well, I wasn't really only thinking of Jacko. Jacko to my mind was a liability from the start. The modern label for him is 'a crazy mixed-up kid.' I've seen a good many Jackos in my lifetime."

"So you weren't surprised," said Calgary, "when he was arrested?"

"Frankly, yes, I was surprised. Not because the idea of murder would have been particularly repugnant to Jacko. But the *kind* of murder he'd done did surprise me. The kind of murder I'd have expected Jacko to do, if he did one, was the type where a couple of boys go out on a raid, then, when the police come after them, the Jackos say, 'Biff him on the head, bud. Let him have it.'

"They're willing for murder, ready to incite murder, but they've not got the nerve to do murder themselves."

Calgary stared down at the carpet.

"I think," he said, "that's really what I came to talk to you about. There doesn't seem, on the face of it, any real motive for any of them."

"Not on the face of it," agreed the doctor. "But if you go a little behind the face of it—oh, yes, I think there's plenty of reason why somebody might have wanted to kill her."

"Why?" asked Calgary.

"Well, what I'd say is that none of them really belonged to themselves. Not as long as their mother—I'll call her that for convenience—was alive. She still had a good hold on them all."

"In what way?"

"Financially. There was a large income that divided between them in such proportions as the trustees thought fit. But although Mrs. Argyle herself was not one of the trustees, nevertheless her wishes, as long as she was alive, were operative." He paused a minute and then went on.

"It's interesting in a way, how they all tried to escape. Young Micky now works as a car salesman. Hester more or less ran away from home to go on the stage. She fell in love with a very undesirable type and was absolutely no good as an actress. She had to come home. She had to admit—and she didn't like admitting—that her mother had been right.

"Mary Durrant insisted on marrying a man during the war whom her mother warned her not to marry. He was a brave and intelligent young man but an absolute fool when it came to business matters. Then he got polio. He was brought as a convalescent to Sunny Point. Mrs. Argyle was putting pressure on them to live there permanently. Mary Durrant was holding out desperately against it.

"Micky, the other boy, has always been a young man with a chip on his shoulder; he resented bitterly being abandoned by his own mother. I think, at heart, he always hated his adopted mother.

"Then there's the Swedish masseuse woman. She didn't like Mrs. Argyle. She was fond of the children and she's fond of Leo. She accepted many benefits from Mrs. Argyle and probably tried to be grateful but couldn't manage it. As for Leo Argyle——"

"Yes. What about him?"

"He's going to marry again," said Dr. MacMaster, "and good luck to him. A very nice young woman, and very much in love with him. Has been for a long time. Naturally, Mrs. Argyle's death simplified things a good deal."

Calgary said slowly: "I saw them both; I talked to them. I can't really believe that either of them——"

"I know," said MacMaster. "And yet—one of them did it, you know."

"You really think so?"

"I don't see what else there is to think. The police are fairly sure that it wasn't the work of an outsider, and the police are probably right. . . ."

Rather less than five minutes after Calgary had gone, Dr. MacMaster received a second visitor. He greeted him with affection.

"Ah, Desmond, glad to see you. Come in and tell me what's on your mind. There is something on your mind. I always know when your forehead wrinkles in that peculiar way."

Dr. Desmond Craig smiled at him ruefully. He was a good looking, serious young man.

Craig refused the offer of a drink and came straight to the point. "I'm badly worried, Mac. It's the Argyles. You know—I suppose everyone knows—that Hester Argyle and I. . . ."

The old doctor nodded. "A nice little understanding," he said approvingly. "That's the old-fashioned term

My Notebook

by A VETERINARY SURGEON

If you let your pet get bored he'll look for fun on his own—and then both of you will be in trouble

Do pets get bored? Certainly they do. I remember the case of Peter, a lively cross-bred terrier. His owner, Mrs. Drew, brought him into my surgery. "He keeps on scratching himself," she said, "but I can't see anything wrong with him."

Neither could I. Scratching can mean several things, from fleas to mange, eczema and skin upsets caused by allergies. However, the intelligent young Peter had none of these—and he wasn't scratching in the surgery.

I Tried Psychology

The thought occurred to me that perhaps the trouble had a psychological basis. In much the same way that doctors have to think of "stress" illnesses in human medicine, so do veterinary surgeons have to look for causes of illness other than physical ones.

It was obvious that Mrs. Drew took great care of her pet, feeding him well and brushing him regularly. But now I asked her about his daily routine.

Routine was the word—it seldom varied.

"Every morning I take him to the shops," she said, "and in the evening my husband takes him round the block."

That, I suspected, was the heart of the matter. Peter was bored.

Dogs enjoy mental occupation. Ten minutes' *interesting* exercise is worth more to them than an hour's tramp round the roads on a lead.

Peter, I already knew, was a keen ratter; Mr. Drew had already told me of his adventures when visiting a friend's farm. Suburbia doesn't offer much scope for this sort of pastime, so as an alternative I suggested taking him along our local brookside walk and encouraging him to sniff for the water rats there.

"In addition," I said, "give him some fun by taking him where there are rabbit holes."

Pets need to be mentally occupied in the home, too. Most dogs take real pleasure in learning simple tricks, and they appreciate animal companionship. If a second dog is not feasible, a kitten or even a budgerigar will provide the necessary company. Of course, if the owner can spare the time for occasional games — ball games and hiding favourite toys—so much the better.

Cats are also prone to boredom, and Siamese ones especially need human companionship and interest or they can develop trying—and very expensive—habits. Two Siamese owned by the wife of my local dentist fiendishly chew everything woollen (including carpets) if life gets dull. . . .

Now Penny, a young tortoiseshell tabby, was obviously ill. Wrapped in a blanket, she was carried into my surgery by our paper boy.

"It started only yesterday morning," he said. "She was sick and collapsed in her basket. Then she suddenly got thinner and thinner."

Penny had a high temperature, and when I touched the front part of her abdomen she let out a mew of pain.

I diagnosed her illness as feline enteritis. This disease is a scourge among cats and often fatal, but luckily it was possible for Penny to have treatment in time. I prescribed a three-day course of an anti-biotic—chloramphenicol—to be given in capsule form.

After forty-eight hours of careful nursing she passed the crisis, and by the end of the week she was strutting around again, whiskers straight, as large as life.

Vaccination Works

Feline enteritis, which has the medical name *panleukoaenia*, due to the fact that white cells virtually disappear from the blood, is highly infectious, especially to young cats and kittens. No matter how clean and hygienic a home or boarding kennels may be, there's always the chance of a pet meeting a "carrier" cat in the incubative stage of the disease.

Very effective vaccination is available, and it always seems to me a great pity that more owners don't make use of it.

The vaccination should be done as soon as possible after weaning, and when the kitten is in perfect health. It consists of two injections, ten or fourteen days apart. Throughout this period, and for a week after the last injection, risk of infection should be avoided by keeping the kitten away from other cats.

And an annual "booster" dose is a wise but not essential precaution, particularly if shows or boarding kennels are in prospect. THE END

'Somebody in this house is a killer'

continued from previous page

they used to use, and it was a very good one."

"I'm terribly in love with her," Desmond said simply, "and I think—oh, I'm sure—that she cares too. And now all this happens."

A look of enlightenment came into the older doctor's face.

"Ah yes! Free pardon for Jacko Argyle," he said. "A free pardon that's come too late for him."

"Yes. That's just what makes me feel—I know it's an entirely wrong thing to feel, but I can't help it—that it would have been better if—if this new evidence hadn't come up."

"Oh, you're not the only one who seems to feel that," said MacMaster. "It's felt, as far as I can find out, from the chief constable through the Argyle family down to the man who came back from the Antarctic and supplied the evidence." He added: "What's really upset you Desmond?"

DESMOND CRAIG drew a deep breath. "Hester rang me up that evening when this fellow Calgary had been there. She and I were going in to Drymouth but she said she wouldn't be coming. Said there had been news of a peculiarly upsetting type."

"Ah. Doctor Calgary's news."

"Yes. Yes, although she didn't mention him at the time. But she sounded altogether stricken, terrified. Oh, I can't explain it."

"Well, what do you expect?" the doctor asked. "She's not yet twenty, is she?"

"But *why* is she so upset? I tell you, Mac, she's scared stiff."

"Mm, yes, well yes that might be so, I suppose," said MacMaster.

"I suppose, if I wasn't a doctor, I shouldn't even begin to think of such things. But you see, I know something of what goes on in Hester's mind. She—she's a victim of early insecurity."

"Quite so," said MacMaster. "That's the way we put it nowadays."

"She was suffering, at the time of the murder, from a perfectly natural feeling in an adolescent young woman—resentment of authority. She ran away and joined a fourth-class touring theatrical company. Under the circumstances I think her mother behaved very reasonably.

"She suggested that Hester should go to London and go to RADA and study acting properly if she wanted to do so. But that wasn't what Hester wanted—she wanted to show she could be on her own. Anyway, the Argyles didn't coerce her. They gave her a quite handsome allowance."

"Which was very clever of them," said MacMaster.

"And then she had this silly love affair with a middle-aged member of the company. In the end she realized for herself that he was no good. Mrs. Argyle came along and dealt with him and Hester came home."

"Having learned her lesson, as they put it in my youth," said MacMaster.

Desmond Craig went on anxiously. "She was full of pent-up resentment; all the worse because she had to acknowledge secretly, if not openly, that her mother had been right. . . ."

MacMaster said gently: "I'd better say it for you, hadn't I? You're afraid that it was your Hester who heard the quarrel between her mother and Jacko; who got worked up by hearing it, perhaps, and who, in a fit of rebellion against authority, went into that room, picked up the poker and killed her. That's what you're afraid of, isn't it?"

The young man nodded miserably. "Not really. I don't really believe it, but—but I feel—I feel that it *could* have happened. It was just an act of emotional defiance, a feeling that she would never be free until—until her mother wasn't there any longer."

"And that last is probably true enough," said MacMaster. "It's the only kind of motive there is. Just because none of them inherits a large sum of money on the death of Mrs. Argyle, the law won't consider that they had a motive.

"But even the financial control, I should imagine, was very largely in Mrs. Argyle's hands through her influence with the trustees. Oh yes, her death set them free all right. Not only Hester, my boy. It set Leo free to marry another woman. It set Mary free to look after her husband in the way she liked, it set Micky free to live his own life in the way he cared about. Even little dark horse Tina sitting in her library may have wanted freedom."

"I had to come and talk to you," said Desmond. "I had to know what you thought, whether you thought that—that it could be true."

"About Hester? I think it *could* be true," said MacMaster slowly. But it's by no means certain, Desmond."

Craig gave a shuddering sigh.

"But it's *got* to be certain, Mac. That's the one thing I do feel is necessary. I've got to *know*. If Hester tells me herself, then—then it will be all right. We'll get married as soon as possible. I'll look after her."

"It's as well Superintendent Huish can't hear you," said MacMaster drily.

"I'm a law-abiding citizen as a rule," said Desmond, "but you know very well yourself, Mac, how they treat psychological evidence in the courts. All I'm saying is that if Hester tells me, we'll live it down together. But I can't go through life not knowing."

"You mean you're not prepared to marry her with this probability overshadowing things?"

"Would you want to in my place?"

"And if she did kill her mother, you're quite prepared to marry her and live happily ever afterwards?"

"Yes."

"Don't you believe it. You'll be wondering if the bitter taste in your coffee is only coffee, and she'll see you thinking it. It won't do. . . ."

* * *

Hester Argyle was looking at herself in the glass. She pushed up her hair from her forehead, pulled it to one side and frowned at the result. Then, as a face appeared behind hers in the mirror, she started, flinched and swung round apprehensively.

"Ah," said Kirsten Lindstrom, "you are afraid! You think that I come up behind you quietly and that perhaps I shall strike you down."

"Oh, Kirsty, don't be so foolish. Of course I wouldn't think that."

"But you did think it," said the other. "And you are right, too, to think such things. To look at the shadows, to start when you see something that you do not quite understand. Because there is something here in this house to be afraid of. We know that now."

"At any rate, Kirsty darling," said Hester, "I needn't be afraid of *you*."

"How do you know?" said Kirsten Lindstrom. "Perhaps I looked one day at your mother and thought that she was Anti-Christ and that I would kill her."

"But, Kirsty, that's nonsense! Absolute nonsense."

Kirsten sighed and sat down.

"Yes," she admitted, "it is nonsense. I was very fond of your mother. She was good to me always. But what I am trying to say to you, Hester, and what you have got to understand and believe, is that you cannot say

ABSENCE—4

Short absence quickens love;
long absence kills it.

Mirabeau

'nonsense' to anything or anyone. You cannot trust me or anybody else."

Hester turned round and looked at the other woman.

"I really believe you're serious," she said.

"I am very serious," said Kirsten. "We must all be serious and we must bring things out into the open. It is no good pretending that nothing has happened. That man who came here—I wish he had not come, but he did, and now he has made it, I understand, quite plain that Jacko was not a murderer. Very well then, somebody else is a murderer, and that somebody else must be one of us."

"I wish you wouldn't, Kirsten," cried Hester. "Oh, I wish you wouldn't. You're bringing it so near, so close."

"Because it *is* near, it *is* close. No, I will not say any more now, but I have warned you that though you think you know someone well, though you may think you trust them, you cannot be sure. So be on your guard. Be on your guard against us all."

"How can I go on living here and suspecting everybody?"

"If you will take my advice it will be better for you to leave this house."

"I can't just now."

"Why not? Because of the young doctor?"

"I really don't know what you mean, Kirsten." Colour flamed up in Hester's cheeks.

"I mean Doctor Craig. He is a very nice young man. You could do worse. But all the same I think it would be better if you left here and went away."

"The whole thing's nonsense," Hester cried angrily. "Oh, how I wish Doctor Calgary had never come here."

"So do I," said Kirsten, "with all my heart. . . ."

* * *

"I'm sure, Marshall, that you'll appreciate my reasons for asking you to come here and have this conference," Leo Argyle said.

"Yes, certainly," said Mr. Marshall. "The fact is that if you had not proposed it, Mr. Argyle, I should myself have suggested coming down."

"Superintendent Huish, who was in charge of the case at the time, has asked to come and have an interview with us tomorrow morning," said Leo.

"Yes. I'm afraid there will have to be a certain amount of reopening of the case, though I really cannot think that the police will have much hope."

"The whole thing seems quite clear," said Mary Durrant. "The house was securely locked up against burglars, but if anyone had come appealing to my mother over some special case—or pretending to be a friend of friends of hers—I have no doubt that person would have been admitted. That, I think, is what must have happened. My father here thought he heard a ring at the bell just before seven o'clock."

Marshall looked inquiringly at Leo.

"Yes, I think I did say so," said Leo. "Of course, I can't remember very clearly now, but at the time I was under the impression that I heard the bell. I was ready to go down and then I thought I heard the door open and close. There was no sound of voices or any question of anyone forcing an entry or behaving abusively. That I think I should have heard."

Mr. Marshall said: "Yes, I think there's no doubt that is what must have happened."

He looked round the little assembly as he spoke, noting them carefully, and labelling them in his meticulous mind. Mary Durrant and, behind her in his wheel chair, her husband. An intelligent fellow, Philip Durrant, Marshall thought to himself. A man who might have done a good deal and gone far had it not been for his unreliable judgment in all matters of business.

He was not, Marshall thought, taking all this as calmly as his wife was. His eyes were alert and thoughtful. He realized, none better, the implications of the whole matter. Of course, though, Mary Durrant might not be as calm as she appeared to be.

As Philip Durrant moved slightly in his chair, his bright, intelligent eyes watching the lawyer with a faint mockery in them, Mary turned her head sharply. The complete adoration of look she gave her husband almost startled the lawyer. So that was how she felt about the fellow, was it?

OPPOSITE the lawyer sat Micky. Young, handsome, bitter. Why had he got to be so bitter? Marshall thought parenthetically. Hadn't everything been done for him always?

Beside him sat Tina looking rather like a small, elegant black cat. Very dark, soft voiced, big dark eyes and a rather sinuous grace of movement. Quiet, yet perhaps emotional behind the quietness? Marshall really knew very little about Tina. She had taken up the work suggested to her by Mrs. Argyle in the county library.

She had a flat in Redmyn and came home at weekends. Apparently a docile and contented member of the family. But who knew? Anyway, she was out of it or ought to be. She had not been here that evening. Though, for all that, Redmyn was only twenty-five miles away. Still, presumably Tina and Micky had been out of it.

Marshall swept a quick glance over Kirsten Lindstrom, who was watching him with a touch of belligerence in her manner. Supposing, he thought, it was *she* who had gone berserk and attacked her employer? It wouldn't

"What a terrible line—I can hardly hear a word"

really surprise him. Nothing really surprised you when you'd been in the law a number of years. But would Kirsten Lindstrom have deliberately framed Jacko; have heard the quarrel and taken advantage of it? That was a great deal more difficult to believe. For Kirsten Lindstrom adored Jacko. She had always been devoted to all the children. No, he could not believe that of her.

His glance went on to Leo Argyle and Gwenda Vaughan. Their engagement had not been announced, which was just as well. A wise decision. He had actually written and hinted as much. Of course it was probably an open secret locally and no doubt the police were on to it. From the point of view of the police it was the right kind of answer. Husband, wife and the other woman.

Only, somehow or other, Marshall could not believe that Leo Argyle had attacked his wife. No, he really couldn't believe it. After all, he had known Leo Argyle for a number of years. A man of warm sympathies, deep reading and an aloof, philosophical outlook upon life. Not the sort of man to murder his wife with a poker.

What about the women? He didn't know so much about Gwenda Vaughan. He observed the full lips and the ripe figure. She was in love with Leo all right. Oh yes, probably been in love with him for a long time. Would she have sacrificed Jacko without a qualm? He didn't really think she had ever been very fond of Jacko. So one couldn't rule out Gwenda. But it was very doubtful, after this time, if the police would ever get any evidence.

His eyes went on to Hester. A pretty child. No, not pretty, beautiful really. Beautiful in a rather strange and uncomfortable way. He'd like to know who her parents had been. Something lawless and wild about her. You couldn't rule out Hester, because you didn't know how her mind worked. You didn't know what a strange moment of desperation might do to her. But the police wouldn't know either.

In fact, thought Mr. Marshall, it seemed very unlikely that the police, even if they made up their own minds as to who was responsible, could really do anything about it. So that on the whole the position was satisfactory. Satisfactory? He gave a little start as he considered the word. But was it? Was stalemate really a satisfactory outcome to the whole thing?

Mr. Marshall came out of his little reverie to see Micky's eyes fixed on him with a mocking gleam in them.

"So that's your verdict, is it?" Micky said. "The outsider, who murders, robs and gets away with it?"

"It seems," said Mr. Marshall, "as though that is what we must accept."

Micky threw himself back in his chair and laughed. "I see," he said. "Is that what we all think? Tina, my love, haven't you any ideas? Any unauthorized versions, so to speak? And you, Mary? You haven't said much."

"Of course I agree with Mr. Marshall," said Mary rather sharply. "What other solution can there be?"

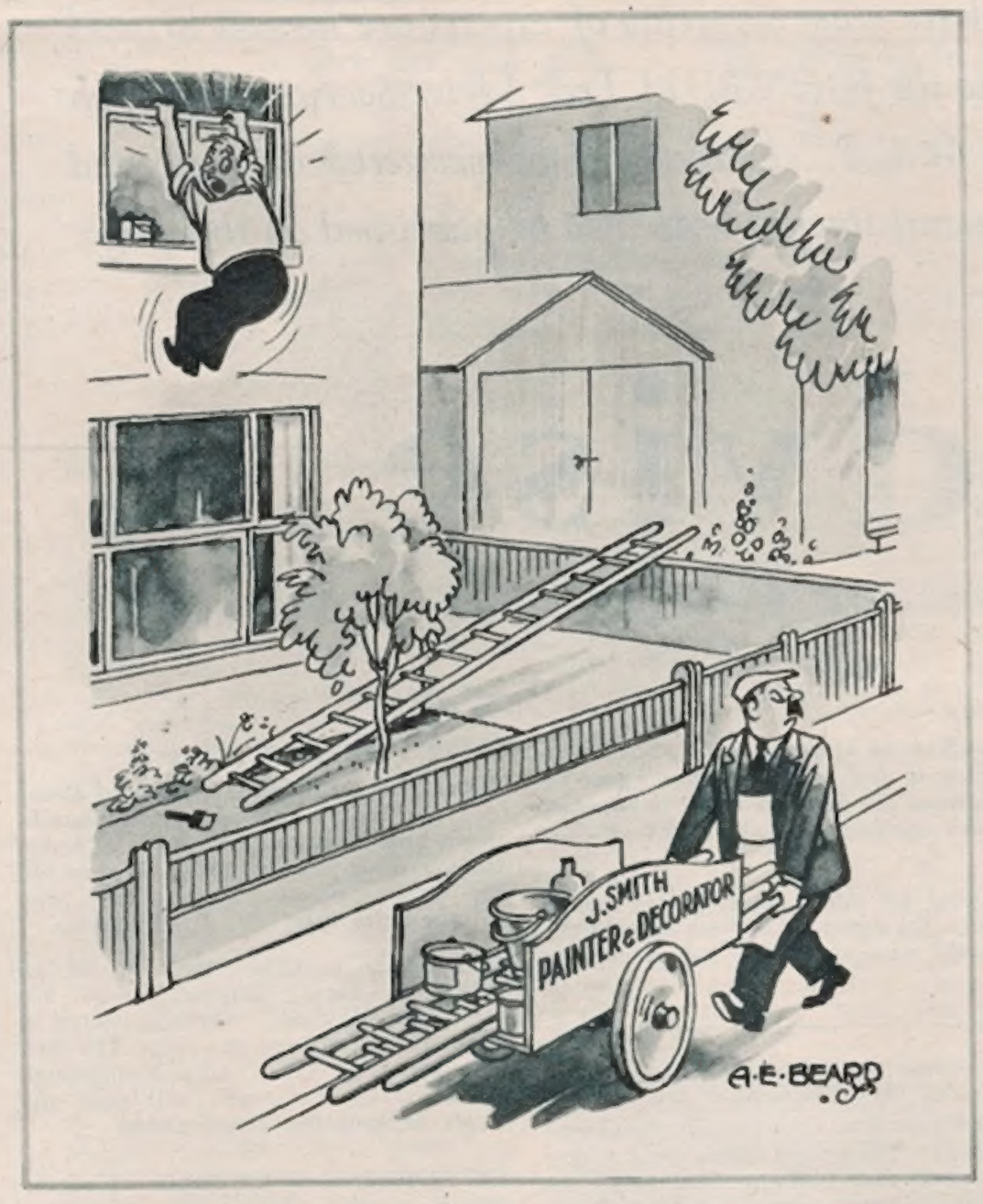
"Philip doesn't agree with you," said Micky.

Mary turned her head sharply to look at her husband. Philip Durrant said quietly: "You'd better hold your tongue, Micky. No good ever came of talking too much when you're in a tight place. And we are in one now."

"So nobody's going to have any opinions, are they?" said Micky. "All right. So be it. But let's all think about it a bit when we go up to bed tonight. It might be advisable, you know. After all, one wants to know where one is, so to speak. Don't you know a thing or two, Kirsty? You usually do. As far as I remember, you always knew what was going on, though I will say you never told."

Kirsten Lindstrom said, not without dignity: "I think, Micky, that you should hold your tongue. Mr. Marshall is right. Too much talking is unwise."

"We might put it to the vote," said Micky. "Or write a name on a piece of paper and throw it into a hat. That would be interesting, wouldn't it; to see who got the most votes?"



This time Kirsten's voice was louder.

"Be quiet," she said. "Do not be a silly, reckless little boy as you used to be. You are grown up now."

"I only said let's think about it," said Micky, taken aback.

"We shall think about it," said Kirsten Lindstrom.

And her voice was bitter. . . .

* * *

Philip Durrant, since his illness and his loss of bodily activity, had found more and more solace in mental activity. Always a highly intelligent man, he now became conscious of the resources opening out to him through the medium of intelligence. He amused himself sometimes by forecasting the reactions of those around him to suitable stimuli.

What he said and did was often not a natural outpouring, but a calculated one, motivated simply and solely to observe the response to it. It was a kind of game that he played.

As a result of this pastime he found himself, for perhaps the first time in his life, keenly observant of the differences of human personality.

This evening, sitting in the library, he had realized how little he really knew about his wife's family. What were they really like?

He was wondering now who was responsible for his mother-in-law's death. He had disliked his mother-in-law, and she had disliked him. She had not wanted Mary to marry him (would she have wanted Mary to marry anybody? he wondered) but she had not been able to prevent it.

He and Mary had started life happy and independent—and then things had begun to go wrong. First that South American company and then the Bicycle Accessories, Ltd.—good ideas, but the financing of them had been badly judged—and then the Argentine strike had completed the disasters.

Then had come his illness. It had looked as though their only solution was to come and live at Sunny Point where a welcome was assured to them. He wouldn't have minded particularly. A man who was a cripple, only half a man, what did it matter where he was? —but Mary would have minded.

Oh well, it hadn't been necessary to live permanently at Sunny Point. Mrs. Argyle had been killed. The trustees had raised the allowance made to Mary under the trust and they had set up on their own again.

He hadn't felt any particular grief over Mrs. Argyle's death. Pleasanter, of course, if she had died of pneumonia or something like that, in her bed. Murder was a nasty business with its notoriety and its screaming headlines. Still, as murders go, it had been quite a satisfactory murder—the perpetrator obviously having a screw loose in a way that could be served up decently in a lot of psychological jargon. Not Mary's own brother. One of those "adopted children" with a bad heredity who so often go wrong.

But things weren't quite so good now. Tomorrow Superintendent Huish was coming to ask questions in his gentle west country voice. One ought, perhaps, to think about answers.

Mary was brushing her long, fair hair in front of the mirror. Something about her calm remoteness irritated him.

He said: "Got your story pat for tomorrow, Polly?"

She turned astonished eyes upon him.

"Superintendent Huish is coming. He'll ask you all over again just what your movements were on the evening of November ninth."

"Oh, I see. It's so long ago now. One can hardly remember."

"But *he* can, Polly. That's the point. *He* can. It's all written down somewhere in a nice little police notebook."

"Is it? Do they keep these things?"

"Probably keep everything in triplicate for ten years! Well, your movements are very simple, Polly. There weren't any. You were here with me in this room. And if I were you I shouldn't mention that you left it between seven and seven thirty."

"But that was only to go to the bathroom. After all," said Mary reasonably, "everyone has to go to the bathroom."

"You didn't mention the fact to him at the time. I do remember that."

"I suppose I forgot about it."

"I thought it might have been an instinct of self-preservation. . . . Anyway, I remember backing you up. We were together here, playing picquet from six thirty until Kirsty gave the alarm. That's our story and we're sticking to it."

"Very well, darling." Her agreement was placid—uninterested.

He leaned forward.

"It's interesting, you know. . . . Aren't *you* interested in who killed her? We all know—Micky was quite right there—that it's one of us. Aren't you interested to know which?"

"It wasn't you or I," said Mary.

"And that's all that interests you? Polly, you're wonderful!"

She flushed slightly. "I don't suppose we ever shall know. I don't suppose the police will ever know."

"Perhaps not. They'll certainly have precious little to go upon. But we're in rather a different position to them."

"What do you mean, Philip?"

"Well, we've got a few bits of inside knowledge. We know our little lot from inside—have a fairly good idea of what makes them tick. You should have, anyway. You've grown up with them all. Who do *you* think it was?"

"I've no idea, Philip."

"Then just make a guess."

"Honestly, I don't see the point of —guessing. It's much better not to know. Then we can all go on as usual."

"Oh no, we can't," said Philip. "That's where you're wrong, my girl. The rot's set in already."

"What do you mean?"

Philip smiled. "Well, take Hester and her young man—earnest young Doctor Desmond. Nice chap, serious, worried. He doesn't really think she did it—but he's not really sure. So he looks at her, anxiously, when he thinks she isn't noticing. But she notices all right. So there you are!"

"Really, Philip, I think you're imagining things."

"*You* can't imagine at all, Polly. Then take poor old Leo. Marriage bells with Gwenda are receding into the distance. The girl's horribly upset about it. Haven't you noticed?"

"I really don't see what Father wants to marry again for at his age."

"He sees all right. But he also sees that any hint of a love affair with Gwenda gives both of them a first-class motive for murder. Awkward!"

"It's fantastic to think for a moment that Father murdered Mother," said Mary. "Such things don't happen."

"Yes, they do. Read the papers."

"Not our sort of people."

"Murder is no snob, Polly. Then there's Micky. Something's eating him all right. He's a queer, bitter lad. Tina's a little poker face if ever there was one. Then there's old Kirsty——"

A faint animation came into Mary's face. "Now that *might* be a solution."

"Kirsty?"

"Yes. After all, she's a foreigner. And I believe she's had very bad headaches the last year or two. . . ."

"Poor devil," said Philip. "Don't you see that that's just what she is saying to herself—that we'll all agree together that she's the one? For convenience. Because she's not a member of the family."

"I wish you'd calm down, Phil. After all, what can *we* do about it?"

"Only try to find out the truth."

"But how is that possible?"

"There might be ways. I'd rather like to try."

Mary looked uneasy.

"What sort of ways?"

"Oh, saying things—watching how people react—one could think up things. . . ." He paused, his mind working. "Things that would mean something to a guilty person, but not to an innocent one. . . ." Again he was silent, turning ideas over in his mind. He looked up and said: "Don't you want to help the innocent, Mary?"

"No." The word came out explosively. She came over to him and knelt by his chair. "I don't want you to mix yourself up in all this, Phil. Don't start saying things and laying traps. Leave it all alone. Oh, for God's sake, leave it *alone*!"

To be concluded next week

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page.

We advise...

SOME weeks ago I put my house into the hands of an agent to sell it, but being dissatisfied with the action taken, I withdrew it and asked another agent to act for me. I have now had an account for £7 from the first agent for newspaper advertising and expenses. As I never signed any agreement must I pay?—E. L., Alverston, Derby.

● As you did not agree to pay any advertising or other expenses the agent cannot succeed in a claim against you for them. An agent advertises a property in order that he may find a buyer and unless otherwise agreed he does so wholly on his own account.

THE DOG'S BATH

I EXERCISE my dog over a low-lying common and he gets very dirty and muddy. Is it true that he should never be bathed?—R. L., Birmingham.

● No, it's not true. Daily brushing and combing, which all dogs love, should remove the dirt and mud from his coat, but there's no reason why he should not be given a bath whenever socially necessary. Most household and toilet soaps cause too much irritation for animals, so use a special dog soap or shampoo.

LODGER TAX

I AM a widow receiving a pension of 10s. per week. If I decide to take paying guests for bed and breakfast, would I have to pay any tax?—Mrs. M. J., West Woodburn.

● The net profit derived from paying guests is assessable to income tax, but you would not actually have to pay any tax unless your total income were to exceed £180 per year.

If you are over sixty-five, the limit is raised from £180 to £275.

ENGLISH SKI-ING

I CANNOT hope for a Continental ski-ing holiday as my breaks during the winter never last more than a few days, but I am anxious to try this sport. Do you know of a centre in the North of England?—R. O., Newport, Mon.

● Ski-ing in England is always uncertain, even in the Lake District, which has a club of its own. Parts of Scotland have a regular season, however.

Courses are organized by hoteliers, as well as by the Scottish Council for Physical Recreation, of 4 Queensferry Street, Edinburgh, which will willingly send you details when they are available.

THE OLD FIRM

MY husband is sixty-five and I am sixty-eight. We have a business which is in both our names. I know that, in view of my age, I can earn as much as I like, although pension is granted. If my husband decides to retire and I carry on the business in my own name would his pension be affected?—Mrs. A. B., Dorset.

● No. If your husband definitely ceases work in the business and it is not merely transferred to you in name only, he can satisfy the condition of retirement.

SILVERFISH TROUBLE

CAN you give me a remedy for silverfish? They get into my food cupboard and I don't like using an insecticide there.—Mrs. J. C., Bradford.

● For silverfish you need a ten per cent D.D.T. dusting powder, and if possible a dusting gun or bellows, or the blower attachment of a vacuum cleaner. The powder should be blown into the crevices of floor and skirting boards, sprinkled into dark corners and on the floors of cupboards. You must reach the breeding places, which are usually under the floor. If necessary, lift one of the floorboards. Old books, papers and crumbs of food should be cleared away quickly.

PUB ARGUMENT

IN my local pub the other night we had an argument which even now has not been settled. The publican said he can refuse to serve a customer even if the man isn't drunk; but we think he cannot refuse a drink to a sober man. Whose side are you on?—T. McG., Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

● A licensee may refuse to serve a potential customer even though he is sober, and without giving a reason. The matter can be raised as an objection, however, when the licensee applies for the renewal of his licence at the next Brewster Sessions. Then a satisfactory explanation would have to be put forward, or else. . . .

DO-IT-YOURSELF BOAT

WHILE on holiday I was told about an article you published describing a boat that could be built at home from a do-it-yourself kit. Can you tell me more, please, particularly who supplied the kits?—F. F., Leicester.

● You are probably thinking of an article by Henry Barnes, "How We Built The Maybee," which appeared in JOHN BULL on June 22, 1957. The Bell Woodworking Co., Ltd., Narborough Road South, Leicester, will give you fuller information about them.

DE-FURRING A KETTLE

IS it possible to de-fur an electric kettle without damaging it?—Mrs. M. R., Bromley, Kent.

● Yes. If your kettle has a removable element, as some have, this can be taken out and tapped with the handle of a knife, thus cracking the fur so that it will drop off quite easily. When replacing the element be sure that it is put back firmly and accurately.

For the interior of the kettle, put two tablespoons of borax in the kettle with water and boil. When this is emptied away the inside should be wiped with a soft cloth or nylon pot scourer. Then rinse the kettle well. The borax wash can be repeated every other week.

BATHROOM PROBLEM

I WANT to try out washable wallpaper on the untiled portion of my bathroom walls. At present these walls are painted with a high gloss paint. Will they hold the paper?—F. S., Aberdeen.

● You must first of all prepare the walls by rough sandpapering them back to the normal base. This is very important.

When it is done the washable wallpaper should hold. We suggest that you use the type of paste recommended by the makers of the wallpaper.

A straight tip for your table

I AM making a table with a wooden top and iron legs of the kind that are supplied ready-made. The legs are fixed at a sloping angle to give a splayed effect, and I want to be sure that all the legs are positioned symmetrically. Can you tell me the best way of ensuring that they are?

● Lay a sheet of stiff brown paper over one corner of the underside of the table top and trim it to fit the corner exactly. Hold one leg in the correct position on the paper. Punch through the screwholes with a bradawl. Remove the leg, turn the paper over and lay in position on the next corner (see dotted line in diagram). Mark through the screwholes with the bradawl. Continue round the table, repeating the process at each corner. Done this way, all angles will be identical.

TOFFEE APPLES

FOR Hallowe'en I thought I'd try my hand at toffee apples. Have you any instructions for a good covering toffee, please?—Miss R. K., Sunderland.

● Use a large pan and oil the sides. If possible, test with a sugar-boiling thermometer, but if one is not available test the boiling mixture by dropping a little of it into a cup of cold water. It should become brittle and snap easily when ready.

Try the following recipe: 1 lb. of brown sugar, 2 tablespoons of treacle or syrup, ¼ pint of water and ¼ lb. of margarine or butter.

Dissolve the sugar in the water, add other ingredients and bring to boil at 300 deg. F. Boil for about 2 minutes without stirring.

The apples should be skewered ready for dipping.

LINO ON TILES?

THIS autumn I am moving into an older type house which has a tiled floor in the kitchen. I intend to cover this with lino, but a friend says this should not be done, although she is rather vague when I ask her why. Her reply is "dampness" or something, although the house doesn't look damp. Can your experts be more precise?—D. S., Norwich.

● Lino can sometimes be laid over a quarry-tiled floor, but don't put it down as you would over boards or you will be asking for trouble.

There are two points to guard against. One is rising damp which sometimes comes up through very old tiles. This will rot the undersurface of any lino placed on top of it. The other nuisance is unevenly worn tiles which in turn damage a lino covering during wear.

Assuming that you are not faced with these problems, you should first cover the tiles with an adhesive underfelt, and then stick the lino to the felt. Any reliable housefurnisher can supply felt and adhesive. By sticking down the covering you avoid any space in which damp might form.

CHILDREN CALLING

I AM at present serving as a nursing orderly in the R.A.M.C. As I am very fond of children I should like to work with them when I return to "civvy street" in approximately two years' time. I wonder if you could suggest employment which will help me to fulfil my ambition.—Pte. J. N., Newcastle upon Tyne.

● Why not train as a housefather in a children's home? In this calling you will never be far from children, and you are not likely to be out of a job.

We are sending you by post the Home Office pamphlet describing the scheme and the pay.

PETS' MENU

CAN you tell me how I can best feed some golden hamsters that I have just been given? — R. J., Petersham, Surrey.

● Feed them on cereal grains or wholemeal bread, carrots, greenfood and milk. They also like apples and other fruit occasionally.

CLEANING A PIANO

I HAVE had an old piano given to me. It is not worth much so I am trying to clean it up myself. I would like to hear of a way to clean the keys.—Mrs. R. G., Salford.

● Dirty piano keys should be rubbed with a slightly damp cloth, then with a soft, dry cloth. Once clean, a regular dusting with a soft cloth is all that is necessary.

Ivory keys that are very discoloured can be treated with a paste made of fine powdered whiting mixed with methylated spirit.

This is applied carefully and left to dry, when the keys can be polished with a soft cloth. They should not require a second application.

Discoloured celluloid keys need similar treatment, except that the paste should be made with very fine pumice-powder mixed with carbon tetrachloride.

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2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated October 25), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 11, for early news of Bullets No. 2,160 First Prize Award.)

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Home To Be Proud Of
When War Is No More
Youngster Of Tomorrow
In His Glory
Above The Tumult
At The Conference Table
Tired Man
Lost In The Clouds
Little Hands
Deepened The Gloom
The Doctor
Poised For The Kill
Cupid Chuckled And
Neglected Garden
On The Wings Of The Wind
Unscrupulous Scoundrel
Dad's Complaint
What Our MP Said

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

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.....For Us All
Faith In The.....
May Soon Be.....
Darling Of The.....
I Wish I Were....., But

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BULLET
EX. ..... 1s.
B.
EX. ..... 1s.
B.
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B.
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B.
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B.

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